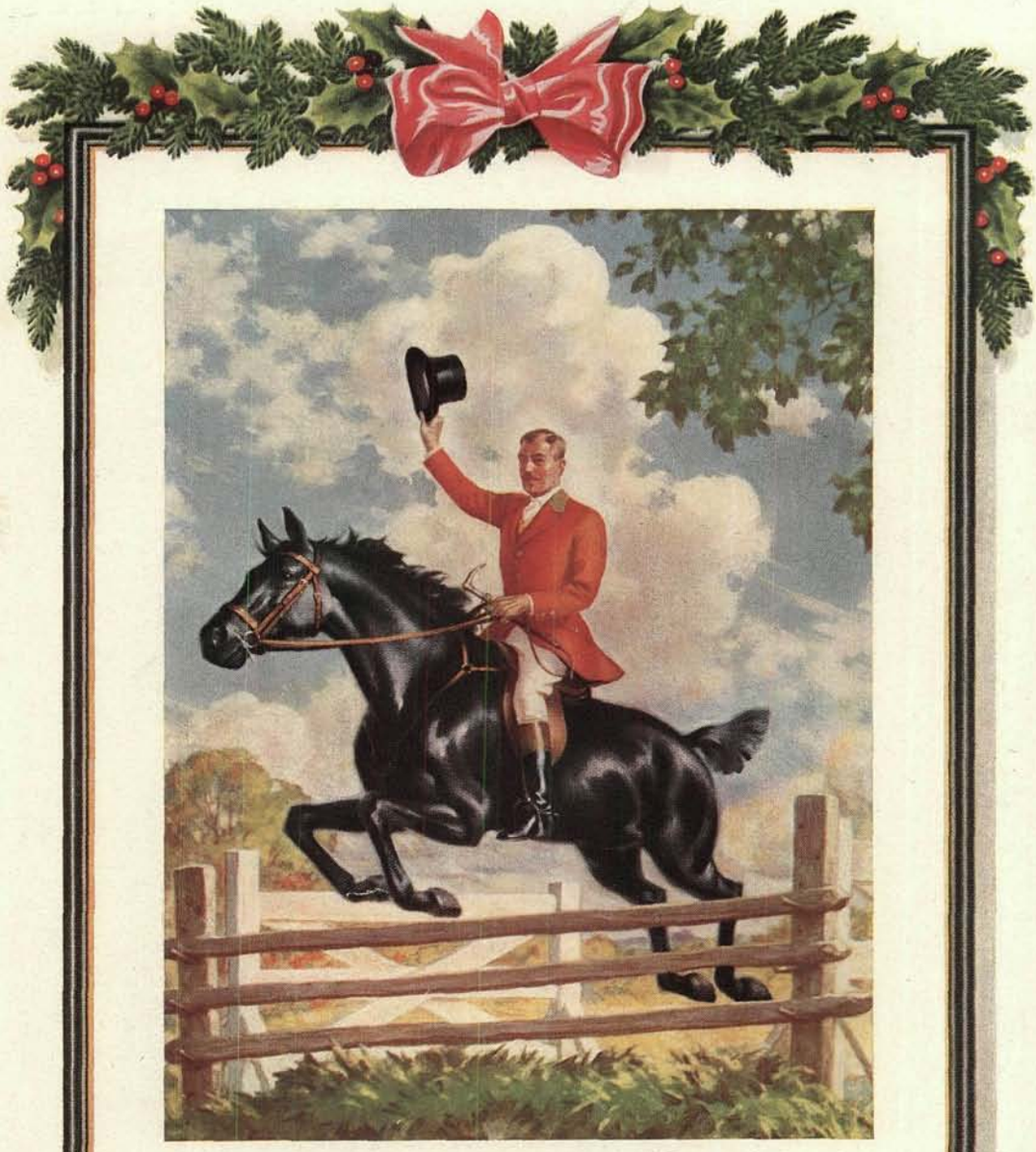
★ Dec. 27, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"First over the Bars"

HUNTER GREETS THE SEASON

with a full-color souvenir print, just under the transparent wrapper of the new Hunter Christmas gift carton. Perfect for framing.

HUNTER

Baltimore Rye BLENDED RYE WHISKEY

HUNTER DISTILLERIES CO., INC., BALTIMORE, MD. • 86.8 PROOF • 49% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beau-catcher

. . . . a dress with feminine wiles. Gourdon ribbon print crepe, woven with Enka Rayon. The Fashion Approved label is the hallmark of quality in fashion. 49.95

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit, Miami Beach, Palm Beach

Straw Hat with Matching Scarf Trim, 22.75

BY WEITZEN

Photographed at the Everglades Club, Palm Beach

206 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of the regular midweek-matinée schedule to take advantage of expected holiday business. There may be last-minute changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 25-27, and Jan. 1-3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Candle in the Wind—Maxwell Anderson's rather disappointing play about an American actress who rescues her lover from a Nazi concentration camp. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company, however, have given it a fine production and Helen Hayes is very moving in it. Alfred Lunt is the director. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat., except Dec. 25, at 8:35. Mats. 2:35. Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are excellent for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon are also in it. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

Hope for a Harvest—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in an agricultural treatise by Sophie Treadwell. The Theatre Guild's second offering of its regular season is rather more talkative than dramatic. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Fri. and Sat. Afts. and Eves., Dec. 26-27, at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 27.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adult cast includes Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, and Alexander Kirkland. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 25-27, and Mon., Thurs., and Sat., Dec. 29, Jan. 1, and 3.)

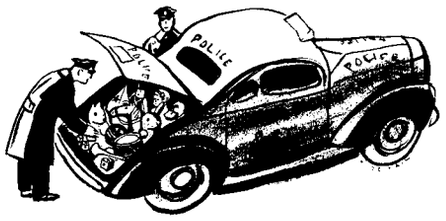
The Land Is Bright—George Kaufman and Edna Ferber trace the history of a robber baron and his family from the nineties up to now. Not art, but it won't bore you. With Martha Sleeper, Phyllis Povah, Diana Barrymore, and Arnold Moss. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Macbeth—Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in an excellent revival of this celebrated Scotch murder mystery. Margaret Webster's staging is brilliant. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Fri., and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A good, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Spring Again—Moderately comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all very fine. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Tues. and Sat., Dec. 30 and Jan. 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 3.

Theatre—Somerset Maugham's novel about a couple of loose-living players has been disinfected for the stage by Guy Bolton. A fairly routine comedy, enlivened by the brisk performances of Cornelia Otis Skinner and Arthur Margetson. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been expertly produced by Herman Shumlin, with a superior cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hardheaded cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war against Hitler. You may not believe a word of it, but you will certainly admire the performances given by Edmund Gwenn, Heather Angel, and all the rest. The sound effects, actually recorded in London, are remarkable. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Brooklyn, U.S.A.—A play by John Bright and Asa Bordages, with Eddie Nugent and Martin Wolfson. Produced by Bern Bernard and Lionel Stander. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Letters to Lucerne—A play by Fritz Rotter and Allen Vincent, with Katherine Alexander and Nancy Wiman. Produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

Pie in the Sky—A comedy by Bernadine Angus, with Luella Gear, Oscar Shaw, and Leona Powers. Produced by Edgar MacGregor and Lyn Logan. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, and Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 25-27, and Tues., Thurs., and Sat., Dec. 30, Jan. 1, and 3.)

It Happens on Ice—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages in a show that starts off by being quite exciting and then gets a little wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40; extra performance New Year's Eve at 11:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 25-27, and Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat., Dec. 29, 30, Jan. 1, and 3; also Sun., Dec. 28, at 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The cast now includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., and Mon., Dec. 29.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman (to be replaced by Frances Williams on Mon., Dec. 29) as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more but it is just as strange. Olsen and Johnson's new brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun., and Thurs., Jan. 1.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Banjo Eyes—Eddie Cantor, Tony and Sally De Marco, and Lionel Stander in a musical comedy by Joe Quillan and Izzy Elinson, based on the Abbott-Holm comedy "Three Men on a Horse," with music by Vernon Duke and John Latouche. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Albert Lewis. Opens Thurs., Dec. 25. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Clash by Night—Tallulah Bankhead, Joseph Schildkraut, Lee J. Cobb, and Katherine Locke in a play by Clifford Odets. Staged by Lee Strasberg and produced by Billy Rose. Opens Sat., Dec. 27. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

In Time to Come—A play by Howard Koch and John Huston, with Richard Gaines, Nedda Harrigan, and Russell Collins. Staged and produced by Otto L. Preminger. Opens Sun., Dec. 28. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The First Crocus—A play by Arnold Sundgaard, produced by T. Edward Hambleton. Opens. Mon., Dec. 29. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

The Lady Comes Across—A musical comedy by Fred Thompson and Dawn Powell, with songs by Vernon Duke and John Latouche and with a cast headed by Jessie Matthews and Joe E. Lewis. Produced by George Hale. Opens Tues., Dec. 30. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat., Jan. 1 and 3, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

MISCELLANY

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—In a joint recital for the Virginia Day Nursery: Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:30. (Carnegie Hall, CI 7-7460.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—"The Yeomen of the Guard,"

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	33
BOOKS	48
THE CURRENT CINEMA	43
LETTER FROM LONDON	34
MUSICAL EVENTS	47
OF ALL THINGS	30
A REPORTER AT LARGE	38
RESTAURANTS	46
THE THEATRE	31

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVII, No. 46, December 27, 1941. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $5.00; Pan-America and Spain, $5.50; Canada, $6.00; Other Foreign, $7.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 25-27; and "Iolanthe," Wed. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 31-Jan. 3; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Edwin Strawbridge Ballet—"Daniel Boone": Tues. Morn. and Aft., Dec. 30, at 10:30 and 2:30. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Junior Programs—"The Adventures of Marco Polo." a play with music: Sat. through Wed. Afts., Dec. 27-31, and Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30. (New Yorker, 54, W. CI 6-7499.)

Museum of Modern Art—The following movies will be shown weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's, at 10:30 A.M.: nine short animated cartoons (1879-1933), Fri., Dec. 26, and Fri., Jan. 2; five Méliès films (1899-1912), Sat., Dec. 27: ten short French films (1905-10), Mon., Dec. 29; five Chaplin comedies (1914), Tues., Dec. 30; four Chaplin comedies (1915), Wed., Dec. 31; "Sherlock, Jr." (1924) and "Big Business" (1929), Sat., Jan. 3. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

Suzari Marionettes—"Buffalo Bill" and "Peter and the Wolf": Thurs., Dec. 25, at 1 and 3 P.M., and Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 26-Jan. 1, at 11 A.M. and 1 and 3 P.M. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. of B'way. CI 6-6085.)

Young People's Opera Company—"The Sleeping Beauty": Thurs., Dec. 25, through Thurs., Jan. 1, at 3 and 8:15 P.M. (Renaissance Hall, 130 W. 56. For tickets, call PL 3-3014.)

Young Theatre Players—"The Emperor's New Clothes," a play with music: daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Presenting the opening programs of their repertory season: "Decade," Fri. Eve., Dec. 26, Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, and Fri. and Sat. Eves., Jan. 2-3; "Flickers," "On My Mother's Side," "Alcina," and "Variations." Sat. and Sun. Eves., Dec. 27-28, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 3. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819. Eves. at 8:45; Mats. at 4.)

Martha Graham—Assisted by her group in "Punch and the Judy" and "Letter to the World." Sun. Eve., Dec. 28; "El Penitente," "Every Soul Is a Circus," and "Letter to the World," Mon. Eve., Dec. 29; at 8:45. (Concert Theatre, 58, E. of B'way. CI 6-6085.)

Carmalita Maracci—The young Spanish dancer, appearing with her company: Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3:30. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande and his orchestra are playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A show, with Peggy Fears and, beginning Tues., Dec. 30, Joe E. Lewis, against a setting of palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Charles Baum's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Very much the same as it's always been. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—As good as they come. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras. . . . Bobby Parks' orchestra plays in the Monte Carlo Beach, next door.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, has a show with Adelaide Moffett and Rosario and Antonio. The music is by Neil Bondshu's orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Kitty Carlisle and Jack Cole and his dancers are in the perennial Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Russell Swann heads the show in this lofty lookout. Music by Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis heads a brief but charming ice show in the Iridium Room, where Hal Saunders' orchestra sets the pace. Formal dress required on the dance floor. . . . Mme. Claude Alphand is singing in La Maisonette, downstairs, where the music is by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde still packs them into the Café Lounge with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A large one well over on the East Side, though Broadway folk seem to like it fine. The show is headed by Jane Pickens and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Tito Guizar sings in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour, and Georges and Jalna and Eddy Duchin's orchestra are there all evening. . . . Evalyn Tyner's orchestra plays during supper in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence sings amusing little songs, and there are a number of other performers, too. . . . **Le Petit Palais**, 17 W. 56 (CO 5-7435): a new French one, with songs by Anne Francine. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the Revuers are there, and so, as usual, is Spivy. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

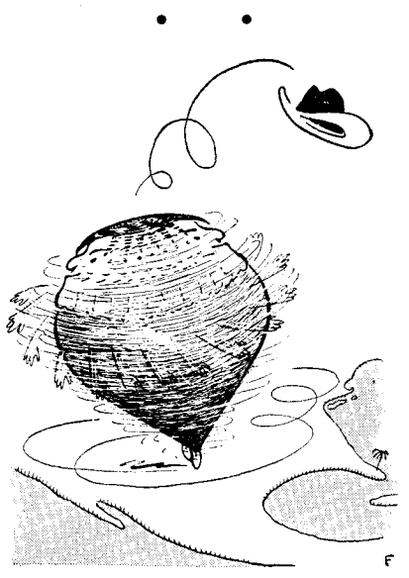
Miscellaneous—At **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Imogene Coca, a floor show, and Cy Walter's orchestra. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easy-going kind of place, with Nick D'Amico's orchestra. Sylvia Marlowe will replace Maggi McNellis on Thurs., Dec. 26. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, which includes folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . **Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Val Olman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **Lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James orchestra, through Wed., Dec. 31. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne, and lots of it, but no dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for such folk singers as Huddy Ledbetter and Joshua White. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra and a new show. . . . **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best colored musical talent in Greenwich, or any other. Village—Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, and Kenneth Spencer. Closed Mon. . . . **Hickory House**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, with Frankie Newton's band and the King Cole Trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **Polish Restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **Kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **Club Gaucho**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).



FIORELLO H. LAGUARDIA,

Mayor of New York City, President of the United States Conference of Mayors, Chairman of the American-Canadian Permanent Joint Board of Defense, Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, one of the very busiest men in the U. S. A.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Christmas and New Year's.)

American Negro—Two superb oils by Horace Pippin lead a vigorous and comprehensive exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by American Negro artists: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Americans and Europeans—At the **Valentine**, 55 E. 57: a generous selection, with Leon Hartl, Eilshemius, and John Kane, among others, on the one side, and Matisse, Miró, and Modigliani on the other. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27. . . . **André Seligmann**, 15 E. 57: starting with thirteenth-century sculpture, this show works its way up to such moderns as van Gogh and Jon Corbino. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **Perls**, 32 E. 58: paintings and other works by Vlaminck, Laurencin, Picasso, and a number of other French artists; Darrel Austin, Frederick Haucke, and Saul Schary are represented among the Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Jan. 2.

Blomshield—Some fine still-lifes in a show of generally competent work: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Large, discursive exhibition of Latin-American arts and crafts, ranging from pottery and textiles to native paintings and sculptures. Tues., 1 to 5 and 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

Burliuk—Paintings made during a trip through the South and Southwest, which seems to have inspired some of his best Expressionist work to date: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27.

Chagall—Twenty-one oils and gouaches in a retrospective show of considerable variety and power: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27.

Charlot and Boudin—The paintings by the first, done in 1924 and 1925, are an interesting illustration of the beginnings of his Mexican style; Miss Boudin's sculptures, mainly of Negro subjects, are rhythmic and graceful: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Citron—Quirkily sympathetic studies of Tennessee Valley scenes and people: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Early Americans—At the **John Levy**, 1 E. 57: paintings by Thomas Sully, Charles Willson Peale, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **New York Historical Society**, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: portraits of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century New Yorkers by Trumbull, Ralph Earl, and still earlier artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 4 P.M.; through Jan. 25.

English Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such less well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Fredenthal and Ceike—Big, splashily vigorous figure compositions, mixed with more delicately handled landscapes, by the first; the second shows New York scenes mostly, done with feeling and assurance: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

French—At the **Rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: five superlative Braques and a fine Picasso in a show that includes works by Léger and Laurencin. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27. . . . **Zborowski**, 61 E. 57: selected paintings by members of the Paris school. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Klitgaard—Sound, sensitive landscapes by one of the Woodstock group: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27.

Kuhn—Lively little show of his circus sketches, in ink and water color: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3.

Marin—New oils and water colors, most of them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

centred, as usual, on Cape Split, Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., Christmas, and New Year's, 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 27.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Large and stirring exhibition of architectural etchings by Piranesi, including many of his fantastic prison interiors (through Jan. 31). The Christmas show this year, though it's held in the Junior Museum and planned for children mainly, shouldn't be missed by adults; some fine paintings, sculptures, tapestries, and so on, handsomely grouped, are on display (through Jan. 4). Weekdays, including New Year's, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Sun. and Christmas, 1 to 4 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A big retrospective of works by Dali and Miró, with about fifty paintings by each of these much-discussed modern artists, as well as several of their drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

TAYLOR—Grimly fantastic water colors, more ambitious in design than last year, if less truly inspired: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 27.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, this year, for variety's sake, restricted to artists under forty, and all the livelier for it. Also, a memorial exhibition of paintings by Emil Ganso. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., Dec. 30.

HERE AND THERE—At the **UPTOWN**, 249 West End Ave., at 72: paintings by Abraham Levin. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: small sculptures and prints by European and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 6. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: paintings by Winslow Homer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: group show of oils and water colors by this gallery's artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Jan. 3. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: decorative panels and sculptures by Charles Prendergast. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Vladimir Boberman and Manuel Ortiz. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: small paintings and drawings by the gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Dec. 31. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB**, 16 E. 10: members' show of oils and water colors. Weekdays, including Christmas and New Year's, 1 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Mitropoulos conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:45. (Soloists: Szigeti and Petri, Dec. 28; List, Jan. 1-3.)

RECITALS

TOWN HALL—Robert Weede, Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3; Rose Pauly, Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:30; Gina Pinnera, Tues. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:30.

NOTE—The New York Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42, will present a free concert by the Madrigalists, Mon. Eve., Dec. 29, at 8:30.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Orfeo ed Euridice," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 25; "Don Giovanni," Fri. Eve., Dec. 26; "Lakmé," Sat. Aft., Dec. 27; "L'Elisir d'Amore," Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, and Sat. Aft., Jan. 3; "Rigoletto," Mon. Eve., Dec. 29; "Aïda," Tues. Aft., Dec. 30; "La Fille du Régiment," Wed. Eve., Dec. 31; "La Bohème," Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1; "Otello," Fri. Eve., Jan. 2; "Der Rosenkavalier," Sat. Eve., Jan. 3. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Dec. 25; Brooklyn Americans vs. Toronto, Sun., Dec. 28; Brooklyn Americans vs. Rangers, Wed., Dec. 31; Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., Jan. 1. . . . Amateur-series games, at 1:30 P.M.: Thurs. and Sun., Dec. 25 and 28, and Thurs., Jan. 1.

HORSE SHOW—Metropolitan Equestrian Club, a benefit for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Riding and Polo Club, 7 W. 66, Sat., Dec. 27, at 12 noon.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden: Bobby Riggs, Don Budge, Frank Kovacs, and Fred Perry in singles and doubles matches, Fri., Dec. 26, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

CAMOUFLAGE TECHNIQUE—Models, photographs, and paintings showing new methods of concealing industrial structures from enemy bombers; an exhibit sponsored by the Civilian Camouflage Council: Advertising Club, 23 Park, at 35. Fri. and Sat., Dec. 26-27, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION—Sketches by the German architect Eric Mendelsohn; also, Buckminster Fuller's latest portable house, which might do very nicely as an air-raid shelter: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MORGAN LIBRARY—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

CHINESE ART—Eighteenth-century mirror pictures, recently brought over from London: Blairman, 55 E. 57. Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SHOW—Approximately a hundred prints by amateur and professional photographers throughout the country: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and New Year's, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

COSTUMES—A display of accessories—hats, shoes, bags, and so on—such as men and women wore between 1675 and 1900: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays (except Christmas, Wed., Dec. 31, and New Year's) 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Feb. 5.

ON THE AIR—King George's Christmas message to the Empire, Thurs. Morn., Dec. 25, at 9, WABC. WJZ. . . . "Lakmé," with Pons, Jobin, and Pinza; from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, and Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Thurs. Eves. at 6:15, and Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR. News from abroad. Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WABC, and Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, china, silver, and linens, belonging to Leona Jane Hertz: Sat. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—Early New Hampshire legend, in the manner of "Faust," from Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold are in it. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Dec. 30.)

BIRTH OF THE BLUES—The old songs, and just a few of the new models, in a pleasant Bing Crosby and Mary Martin affair. For the "Waiting at the Church" generation especially. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Dec. 30.)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—Ingrid Bergman and Spencer Tracy in a revival of the familiar story. It has its moments but lacks the true spark of horror. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 30-Jan. 1.)

DUMBO—Disney and a circus and a baby elephant with big ears. His latest feature-length production, nice for the children and an education for adults. (Broadway, B'way at 53. . . . R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Dec. 30.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—An outright Steinbeck story of life back in the Mexican hills. Commentary by Burgess Meredith. (Belmont, 125 W. 48.)

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—Hedy Lamarr, as a lady who rejects Boston, and Robert Young, as the man who gives up all for it, in a well-made screen play of the Marquand novel. Also with Ruth Hussey. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Tues., Dec. 30.)

HONKY TONK—Lana Turner, encountered by Clark Gable, in one of those big, expensive Westerns some film companies still grind out. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sun., Dec. 28. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Tues., Dec. 30. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Dec. 31.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 3.

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon in a sombre piece which seems to be one of those authentic treatments of Welsh miners. (Palace, B'way at 47; starting Wed., Dec. 31.)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Just a trifle, but pleasant enough as a pastime, with Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Dec. 26. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Sun., Dec. 28. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 28-29. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 30-31.)

LABURNUM GROVE—Edmund Gwenn, now in "The Wookey," in that old thriller about the very polite and meek counterfeiter, a true family man but with a weakness. A respectable screen version of the play. (Art, 36 E. 8; starting Tues., Dec. 30.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Of murder in a lonely cottage, and of three weird sisters, and all very intense and enthralling. With Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Dec. 29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 28-31. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 30-Jan. 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Sat., Dec. 30-Jan. 3.)

THE MALTESE FALCON—One of Dashiell Hammett's smackers turned into a wicked, smart film which is a good deal of fun. Killers, cops, and so on, with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart most involved. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., Dec. 27. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 27-29. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 29-31. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 30-31.)

THE RELUCTANT DRAGON—The Disney studios visited by Robert Benchley, who makes a wild tour through them. At its best in incidental moments of straight fairy story. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 29-30.)

RISE AND SHINE—Football nonsense which has quite a droll turn to it, probably because it is derived from Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times." With Linda Darnell, Jack Oakie, George Murphy, and so on. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Tues., Dec. 30.)

SUSPICION—Somewhat of a toning down of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," but near enough to the original to set mystery readers agog. With Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant, and other experts, all slickly directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; starting Wed., Dec. 31.)

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery in one of those sprightly comedies with only a few limping moments. Pleasant, in general. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 28-29.)

REVIVALS

BIG BROWN EYES (1936)—Cops-and-robbers piece, with Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 27-29.)

THE BIG STORE (1941)—The Marx Brothers' last picture. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's Western, with Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 27-29.)

MEET JOHN DOE (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. With Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Sat., Dec. 27.)

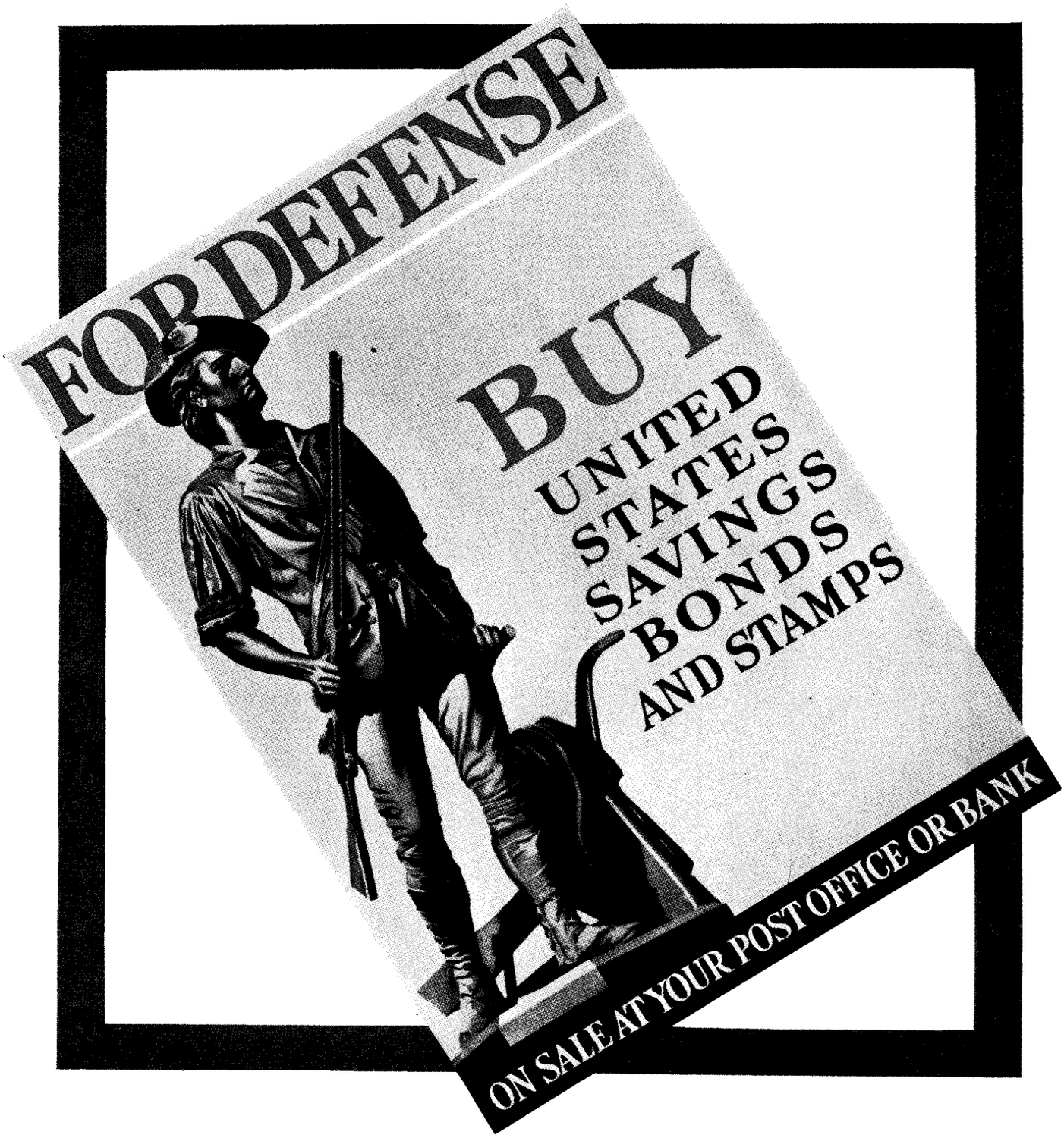
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Dec. 26.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., Dec. 26.)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY (1941)—Rosalind Russell and Clark Gable as jewel thieves in the Far East. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 28-30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing American and foreign films daily, except Christmas, at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 26-27**: "The Thin Man" (1934), Myrna Loy, William Powell. **SUN. AND MON., DEC. 28-29**: "Chapayev" (1934), Russian film. **TUES. AND WED., DEC. 30-31**: "David Harum" (1934), Will Rogers. **THURS. AND FRI., JAN. 1-2**: "La Maternelle" (1934), Paulette Elambert. **SAT., JAN. 3**: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles. . . . A series of short British films on civilian defense is shown weekdays at 3 P.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

swimming team-up . . . designed by Mabs of Hollywood for the whole family. For Mr. and Mrs. and all their juniors! Witty examples, these, from that wonderful 1942 resort collection now at Altman. The entire family match-up is carried out in the new Mabs "Fiji Tapa" print . . . on rayon and cotton sharkskin with Lastex yarn. All in either blue and white, or red and white. children's shops, second floor; north and south shop, third floor; men's and boys' southern shop, sixth floor

mother's suit, 12 to 18, **10.95**
father's bathing trunks, 30 to 38, **3.95**
big brother's bathing trunks, 6 to 8, **3.00**
little brother's bathing trunks, 2 to 6, **3.00**
big sister's suit, 8 to 14, **5.00**
little sister's suit, 4 to 6, **4.00**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CHRISTMAS, of course, is an anachronism in New York. It belongs to non-converted brownstone houses and gaslights and streets banked high with snow, to a day when there were still suburbs on Manhattan Island. The perpendicular city has no place for it. We dig up this interesting thought about this time every year, but we never get very far with it. As a matter of fact, it is one of those circular and aimless meditations that take up too much of our time. Christmas belongs to Old New York, we write confidently, but what precisely do we mean by Old New York? The picturesque past is attached to the thrusting present, like a barge to a tug, moving at a constant interval with it through time. Actually, there is a string of barges. Our father's Old New York is almost lost in antiquity; our own has something to do with Steve Brody and steam engines on the "L;" for a boy of six we know, New York was old in that lost, mysterious, and forever fascinating period when his parents risked their lives nightly in something called a speakeasy. For each new generation, the good old days move a little further forward in time; the tug and its barges move eternally up the river.

The figure always develops neatly enough up to this point, but that's as far as we go. When we try to imagine the time and the people who will look back on the grotesque complexity of New York in 1941 and say Christmas was really Christmas in those simple, far-off times, our mind rejects the whole impossible picture. The terrible unborn who are going to remember us as quaint and cheerful figures in an old daguerreotype are as unthinkable to us as men from Mars. We give them up. In fact, we give up the entire complicated analogy; as far as we're concerned, the tug and its barges will sink with us. In the final perspective of history, it may well be that you are enjoying a nice, old-fashioned Christmas right here and now. We leave you with this thought, for whatever comfort you may find in it, but it sounds like lunacy to us.

PROBABLY the effects of war will linger on into peace, making life hazardous for years to come. On the day the Mayor asked for twenty-seven thousand volunteers to turn off the street lights in a period of blackout, we dined with a lady air-raid warden who had been deputed to pull the fuse in the light in front of her apartment house. Fumbling in her bag, she brought out a gleaming screwdriver—easily capable of anything. "At the signal, I go down with this and take off the cover of the hidden fuse box and cut the circuit," she said briskly. Her voice connoted Duty, but she had the look in her eye of a woman who has often yearned to dismantle municipal property but had never known how to begin. We don't know what will eventually result from this new and dangerous knowledge, or how she will be untaught. Peace will come, but the dream will go on. Some night, far distant, the secret itch will be intolerable and she will go out and turn everything off for the hell of it. Show thousands of women how to take the city apart and God help the Mayor who has to put it together again.

THERE is a certain patness to the story of the Japanese Pavilion at the World's Fair site in Flushing. When it was presented to New York City in 1940, the newspapers reminded us the other day, Kaname Wakasugi, the Japanese Consul General, dedicated it with the pious wish "May this beautiful pavilion and garden stand in this park forever as a monument of our sincere aspirations for peace and good will between our two great nations across the Pacific." Now, the Department of Parks reveals, Japan's little token of peace and good will is going to be demolished. It seems it just doesn't come up to local requirements for strength and type of construction. It is "of wooden frame, unheated, not permanently weatherproof, and far too difficult to maintain."

THE *New Republic* has just got out a supplement composed of the work of "writers under thirty." This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a very dangerous thing to do, to stir up a sort of youth movement in letters. The implication is that something rather mysterious and dreadful happens to a creative person after thirty, rendering his writing somewhat more suitable for publication but devitalized. This is true, but it should be kept secret, not advertised by special supplements. The feeling we had, reading the supplement, was that it was full of fine hot pieces most of which would have to be rejected by unspecialized editors like us—like one story they published about a boy who disembowelled his uncle with a pitchfork in a dispute over a loaf of bread, only to find that the bread was moldy.

There is a strong accent these days on arbitrary age limits: young writers snuggling in their literary bassinets, old soldiers nestling cozily outside the draft law. For a while the Selective Service drew only young fighters; it gave us a comfortable sense of senility and we settled back with our pipe and our slippers and our copy of the *New Republic*. Now it would appear that the age limit is to be sixty-five, and we are again a youngster of fighting age and temper, ready to serve. Between the editors of the *New Republic* and the draft-board officials, we find ourself in a rather peculiar classification —much too old for the typewriter but practically in our prime for the gun.

Pertinence

THIS is one of those surrealistic things—it may make sense or it may just seem funny. It's about a fellow who took his suit to the neighborhood cleaner's, to have a spot taken out. "It's coffee," he said, to the cleaner's young lady. "Cream and sugar?" she asked.

New York Prepares

ARTICLES of merchandise in demand for blackouts and air-raid defense include blackout cloth, black paint, flashlights, lanterns, candles, whistles, fire pails, hatchets, first-aid kits, oil stoves, canned heat, thermos bottles, waterproof matchboxes, shovels, asbestos gloves, stirrup pumps, earplugs, sleeping bags, folding cots, air mattresses, stretchers, wool blankets, axes, and goggles. The market was stripped of cheap lining materials for blacking out windows before it was discovered that they wouldn't do; too thin.

Abercrombie & Fitch are recommending steamer chairs, rugs, and foot-warmers for roof-top airplane spotters.

Woolworth's has in some stores a separate Blackout Necessities counter, offering bandages, antiseptics, masked flashlights, etc.

Alban Conway, an interior decorator of East Fifty-fifth Street, has received an order to make a set of blackout curtains of black felt with hand-painted cabbage roses appliquéd on the inner side to look like a garden.

Saks-Fifth Avenue reports a run on old-fashioned heavy nightgowns for ladies and pea jackets for men.

Lord & Taylor are offering ladies' handbags which, instead of compacts, contain a flashlight and first-aid kit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Also, phosphorescent camellias for ladies to wear in their hair.

Man showed up in Macy's Blackout Nook (it's in the basement) with a request for a private air-raid alarm which would play "The Sidewalks of New York," the way some automobile horns do. "You have to keep plugging at the people in my house," he explained. The Nook is doing a brisk business in sandhog helmets adapted to air-raid wear.

The announcement of the air-raid-siren test created a panic among many people who had already ordered blackout material. They called up and demanded delivery "in time for the air raid."

One lady caused a small run on mattresses by purchasing twenty-two, for her entire household. "If we're going to have to sleep in the subway, at least we'll be comfortable," she told the clerk who took her order. Meanwhile, La-Guardia has announced that all subways are definitely unsafe.

Another lady, with a ménage of twenty-eight to care for, ordered gas masks all round, but called later to make it twenty-seven masks. Her butler refused to wear one until things got worse, she explained.

Overheard

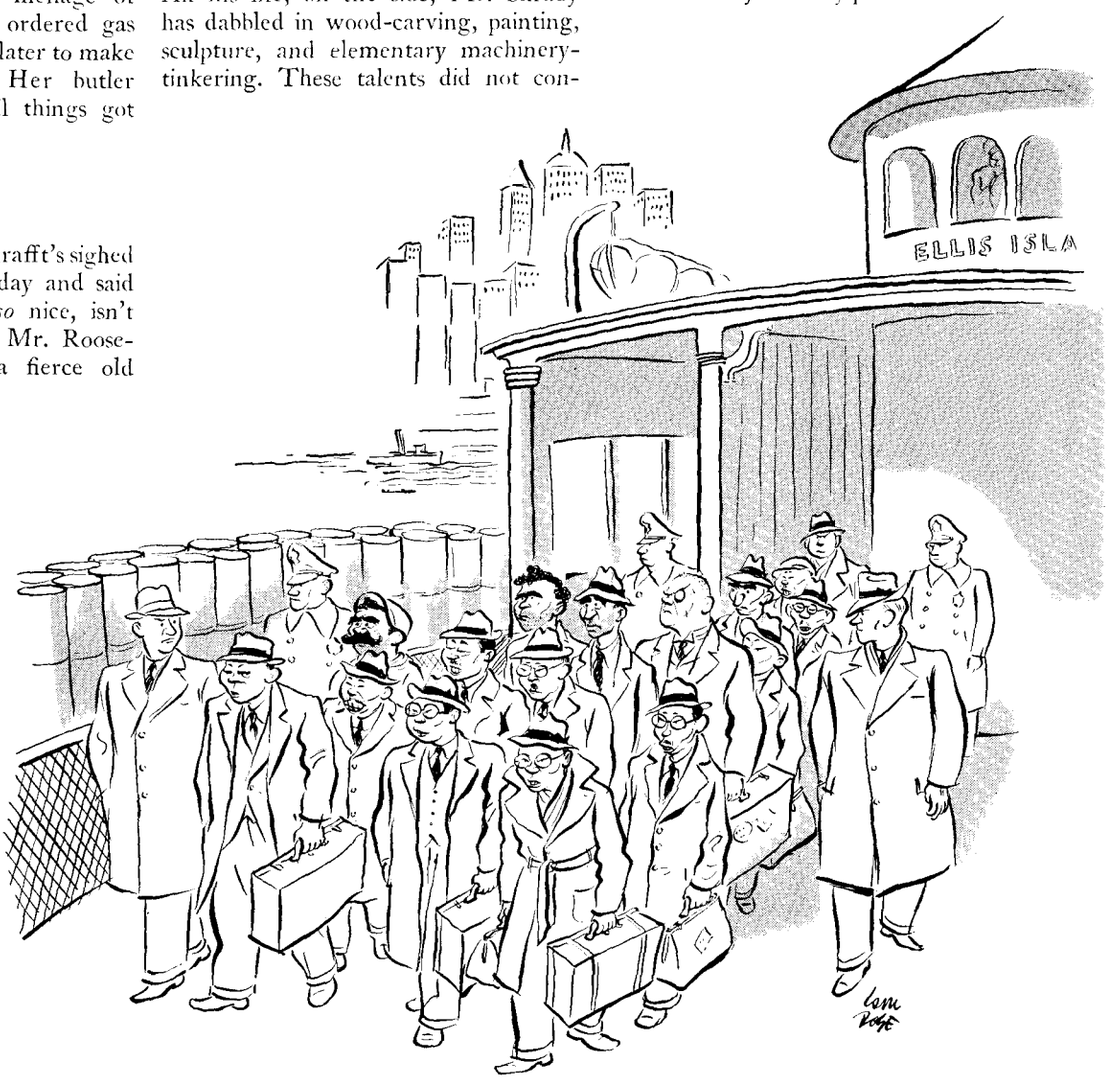
AN elderly matron in Schrafft's sighed comfortably last Friday and said to her companion, "It's *so* nice, isn't it, that we aren't mad at Mr. Roosevelt any more." And a fierce old gentleman, strolling briskly down Fifth Avenue with an equally fierce old friend, was heard to say, "You know, I've thought for the past year that we ought to be in it, but now that we are I've got indigestion."

Christmas Scene

EVERY evening, from Christmas Eve through New Year's night (except in the melancholy event of a blackout), there will be a group of dog-walkers and other nocturnal passers-by staring admiringly at one of the windows of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shrady's apartment on the ground floor of 36 Gramercy Park. This year Mr. Shrady, a bald, pink-faced, twinkly gent, will carry on with a pleasant custom he inaugurated four years ago of adding to the splendor of Gramercy Park's Christmas decorations by setting up in his window a four-by-three-foot stage set peopled with animated characters, the whole business designed and built by Mr. Shrady in his home workshop. This year's scene will have Santa Claus piloting a big red-and-silver airplane through a midnight sky; the propeller will whirl, and Santa will turn and wave at the audience. We had a preview of this, during a recent visit to the Shradys', and can recommend it.

Mr. Shrady is a retired civil engineer who has since 1933 been active as president of the Edwin Gould Foundation for Children, which runs several summer camps, helps place children in foster homes, and has lately been placing English children in American homes. All his life, on the side, Mr. Shrady has dabbled in wood-carving, painting, sculpture, and elementary machinery-tinkering. These talents did not converge until the Shradys, long-standing residents of Gramercy Park, decided that they should actively participate in the park's holiday festivity, instead of merely admiring the work of others. Working in odd hours the month before Christmas, Mr. Shrady built a miniature stage and installed in it a mechanical figure of Santa Claus hammering away at a toy in his workshop. Just to make it hard for himself, he added a cat and a dog fighting in a corner. This attracted much admiration and might be said to have been the hit of that Gramercy Park season, not even excepting the big tree. "People would go past in cars, then drive around the park for another look," Mr. Shrady told us, with pardonable pride. The next year he had a Virgin and Child that moved their heads, after that he had Santa disappearing down a chimney, and last year he had an organist playing in a cathedral, to a highly mobile congregation.

Mr. Shrady is mildly proud of the fact



THE F.B.I. ROUNDS UP ANOTHER BATCH OF ARYANS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that his annual display costs him exactly nothing. His materials are wood from grocery boxes and cardboard from laundered shirts. Even the gears and cams for the animation are carved of wood. The motive power is a small electric motor borrowed from the power lathe in his workshop. Occasionally a mechanically minded person will ask to be allowed backstage, to see how the animation works, but Mr. Shrady always says no; doesn't want to spoil the illusion. The doorman of the apartment building has standing instructions to answer all questions with "It's put there by a businessman who does it as a hobby." Mr. Shrady's reward is peeking through his curtains at the bemused audience—gives him a tremendous punch, he says.

Vogue at War

A FEW days after the Japs moved in on Hawaii, our contemporary, *Vogue*, sent five photographers out on a carte-blanche assignment to get some shots of New York at war. All of them, it seems, were eager, willing lads, but, of course, rather vague about routine news-photography procedure. One *Vogue* man hopped right over to Brooklyn, scouted the neighborhood of the Navy Yard, and found an apartment building which seemed to promise a good view from its roof. He hunted up the janitor and told him that, if it was all right, he wanted to take some views of the Navy Yard from the roof. The janitor said sure, escorted the photographer upstairs, then slammed and locked the door and called the police. The four other *Vogue* men got arrested, too, in one way or another. Such are the hazards of journalism. Last we heard, they were planning to fake it with Powers models.

We Interrupt . . .

WHEN we asked some radio people we know whether their sponsors were annoyed at the frequent interpolation of war-news flashes into commercial programs, they assured us that we were being naïve. The sponsors like it, they said. The listening public is bigger now than ever before, it was pointed out, but it certainly wouldn't want to listen to a station that *wouldn't* interrupt sponsored programs. The standard contract permits the broadcaster to break in on a sponsored program, but provides for a pro-rata rebate; if a news broadcast uses up five minutes of a scheduled fifteen-minute program, the advertiser doesn't pay for one-third of the time. If a program is completely omitted, the sponsor is reimbursed for all expenses, including salaries of performers. It is the policy of the chains to return to the scheduled program the minute the broadcast of news is finished. The performers have, meantime, been plugging away in unwitting privacy. Sometimes the "pickup," the first words that are heard when they return to the air, has an accidental and bewildering relation to the news flash. For instance, when N.B.C. returned to its regular program after announcing a week or so ago that the Japanese battleship Haruna had been sunk, a Mr. Kent, billed as "The Travelling Cook," was saying, "It was a beautiful sight."

All radio stations, we're told, have secret and almost unnoticeable signals which can be slipped into a regular broadcast to warn staff members who are off duty that something is up and to report to the studio immediately. N.B.C.'s signal (hereafter no secret) is a fourth note added to the customary three-note time signal. This was sounded at 2:45 on December 7th, seventeen minutes after the first news had come in, although it was as anticlimactic a gesture as could have been made, considering that the facts had been put on the air immediately and the staff was already rushing to the studios. As fast as employees arrived they were used to man the telephones. It turned out that the public found the news from the loudspeakers so hard to swallow it took to calling the broadcasting stations to ask "What's all this about Japan?" Some vigorous souls varied this with "Why don't we bomb Tokio right away?" One lady called in at half-hour intervals to recommend that Scripture be read over the air immediately; it would stop the war, she felt. The religious editor, who had rushed in with everybody else, undertook to reason with her. And you can believe this or not, but many, many music-lovers bitterly complained because the C.B.S. Sunday-afternoon symphony concert was interrupted by war bulletins. In an understandable flutter, John Daly, the commentator handling the bulletins, twice returned his listeners to the "Phoolharmonic." "Now they'll probably go over to N.B.C.," h told his employers, sadly.

A while ago, N.B.C. was droning along with a scheduled entertainment program when it was suddenly warned that a broadcast was coming through from Manila. Surprised but grateful, they put it on the air. The commentator was a total stranger to all concerned, but they thought he might be pinch-hitting for one of their regular men. At the end of his talk, the stranger said, "I return you now to the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York." C.B.S. was sore, too. It was a case of mixed signals at the Telephone Company, apparently.

Choice

ANY of you people got a cornerstone, we got a nice bit of timely dialogue to put into it. A lady goes up to a floorwalker in a department store and asks where she can get candles. "Christmas or blackout?" he asks.

Flash!

YOU might like to hear about an air-raid spotters' post in Queens which is less advertised and considerably closer to the ground than the one on the Empire State Building, being merely on the roof of a three-story Elks clubhouse. We went out there the other day to observe some observers at work and came back with very cold hands and a touch of eyestrain. One of the spotters met us at the front door and personally escorted us to his post. As we climbed the stairs from the third floor to the roof, this man told us that his name was Charles Depew and that, like all his co-observers, he was a member of a local American Legion chapter. The Legion is in charge of all the air-raid spotting in the country, and in Queens has done its recruiting from its own ranks.

On the roof, Depew introduced us to Mr. Charles Schoenig, who wore a Legion cap which said "Sergeant-at-Arms" on it. Depew himself wore a checkered cap, a wool shirt, sweater, and scarf, and an overcoat with a velvet collar. Their observation post is several hundred square feet in area, but most of the spotting is done from a place near the head of the stairs, where there is a chart tacked to some boards laid flat on the roof, showing the major points of the compass, and a telephone on the wall of the stair housing. The only furniture is one straight, unupholstered chair, which no one sat on while we were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

around. Depew, a small man with a couple of days' growth of beard and an arithmetical system all his own, told us about his job. "There's somebody up here forty-eight hours a day," he said. "We don't pay any attention to the regular transports from LaGuardia Field, but every other plane we report." Just then an airliner with the letters AA under its right wing passed over, and Depew said, "That's American Airlines. We don't bother with that. There's only one other plane that's O.K. That's Speed Hensley's, the fellow that takes up boys who want to join the R.A.F. to see if they're all right to send to training school. He has to stay within ten miles of Whitestone Bridge, and we leave him alone. Everything else we have to report." He turned to Schoenig and asked, "How many did we get this afternoon?" "Five," said Schoenig. "About eight," Depew said to us.

He showed us a slip of paper which gave the routine of reporting a plane to the Interceptor Command. It read, "Call your telephone central and say: 'Army Flash——' (Give your phone number). Central will connect you with an Army Information Center. When you hear: 'Army go ahead please,' you say: 'Flash' and continue message you have checked on form below, in the order indicated." Below were eight details to be reported: number of airplanes, type, altitude, whether seen or heard, the code name of the observation post, the direction of the planes from the post, the distance, and the direction they are headed in. We were still looking at the form when three more men came out onto the roof. All were dressed in heavy sweaters or coats. They introduced themselves as Legionnaires Kelly, Kopacka, and Schmidt. Depew explained that he was about to go off duty, having observed for two hours, the standard shift. "When we all get organized," he said, "we'll have six men here at a time. Five to watch, and one to phone." Suddenly Kopacka pointed at the sky and said, "There's five ducks." "Sea gulls," said Kelly. "Those are ducks," said Kopacka. Depew picked up a pair of binoculars from the chair and focussed them on the birds. "I wouldn't doubt your word, at that," he said. "Anyway, you can tell they're not planes because they're flying in a V. The Army doesn't do that any more."

About five minutes later, the first reportable airplane went by. It was a bi-motored reconnaissance ship, about two miles away, going southeast. Schoenig hurried to the phone to announce it while the four others stood and shouted instructions to him. A little later, a pursuit plane went directly overhead, flying fast toward Flushing Airport. It was promptly reported by Schoenig. Having seen the spotters in action, we were about to leave when another reconnaissance plane went over, going west, and then banked around toward the north. "He isn't going anywhere. He's only circling," said Schoenig, heading for the phone again. "The son of a bitch is just checking up on us."

Gift from Santa

A STOCKBROKER was mildly amazed this week to see a sandwich man patrolling the neighborhood of Trinity Church at high noon, wearing what was unmistakably a Santa Claus mask and beard, especially as the advertising matter on the sandwich board had nothing to do with the holiday season. Drifting along after this apparition, our man saw him stop outside a cafeteria. Presently there emerged a fellow completely dressed as Santa Claus, except for mask and beard. The sandwich man handed over the missing articles of costume and walked on. Our friend put half a buck in Santa Claus's collection box and asked for an explanation of what he had seen. Santa shifted from foot to foot and seemed ill at ease. "It's perfectly O.K. with my boss. I asked him," he said. "I can't wear it while I'm having my lunch, and it keeps the poor slob's face warm."

"Sand!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLD THAT CHRISTMAS TIGER!

SOME few years ago there was translated to the screen as a vessel for the talents of Warner Baxter a play called "I Loved You Wednesday." The result was an amiable little film which undoubtedly recovered its investment, earned a snug profit, and in the normal course of things was retired to be cut up into mandolin picks. What makes it still verdant in the memory of connoisseurs, however, is a patch of dialogue that came about the end of the first reel. Mr. Baxter, in beautifully tailored breeches and cordovans, had been established as a construction engineer on a vast, unidentified power project, barking crisp commands at giant cranes and chivying steam shovels. The scene then dissolved to his home, and as the work-worn engineer entered, his wife looked up eagerly from her sewing. "What's new, dear?" she inquired. "Well, darling," replied Baxter, inhaling deeply and brushing clouds of alkali from his shoulders, "I just finished Boulder Dam." "Oh, *Jim!*" murmured his wife adoringly.

It may be presumptuous of me to compare myself in any sense with Mr. Baxter (I am twenty pounds lighter, not quite as photogenic, and infinitely less solvent), but if sheer doggedness and fighting heart mean anything, the undertaking I have just completed may yet outclass his. At ten o'clock this morning, fortified with a bottle of benzedrine and a stoup of black coffee, I kissed my newsdealer goodbye and set out to read through the Christmas-party suggestions in *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, and *House & Garden*. "It's madness, Derek!" implored the handful of friends who had come down to see me off. "Think it over, old man! You'll never get through!" I smiled grimly, set my jaw as well as a serious case of malocclusion would allow, and plunged into the perfume advertising. Hours later, gray with fatigue and my eyes those of a man who had looked on things better left veiled from mortal gaze, I stumbled out of the back cover of *House & Garden* and fell forward into the waiting arms of my friends.

PERHAPS the most soaring imagination displayed in any of the three magazines is that of a Mr. Lester Gaba, whom *Mademoiselle* called in to advise its readers regarding their Christmas décor. It is Mr. Gaba's thesis that, given a little energy and a few everyday materials, Christmas need never be stodgy. His first target is the tree itself. "Dip tips of twisted cotton strips into India ink and trim your tree entirely with 'ermine tails,' " he orders. "Pin a fresh mauve orchid to the treetop." Arresting as the effect might be, the actual execution seems a bit less simple. "Well, what do we do next?" I can hear a Mr. Kapustin asking his wife as he finishes tacking up the last holly wreath. Mrs. Kapustin peers uncertainly at her copy of *Mademoiselle*. " 'Tip dips of twisted crotton sips—' " she begins. "No, wait a minute. 'Sip dips of cristed totton tips—' " Obviously, such an enterprise can only end in disaster. Either Mr. Kapustin, who is extremely short-tempered, snatches the magazine from his wife, provoking a free-for-all, or the dawn discloses two pallid householders on the verge of a breakdown, mumbling "Dip, dip, dip."

Next turning his attention to the lighting, Mr. Gaba says, "Go medieval: get Gothic-lantern effects by shielding ceiling bulbs with pierced, rectangular tin food-graters." It might be well to temper your enthusiasm for this novel hint with a pinch of caution, unless you want a dusky handmaiden mounted on a chair right in the middle of your party, grating carrots over the shoulders of your guests and murmuring bitterly to herself in Gullah. In the event you do, the best plan would be to sprinkle artificial snow around her feet and drape her with silver festoons and candy canes. It is certainly just as feasible as another of Mr. Gaba's suggestions: "Tie blown-up, red penny balloons to your outdoor Christmas trees. The kids in the block will pop them quick like a flash—but who cares?" Who indeed but an old Scrooge? I, for one, can think of no more diverting pastime than beating off stinging pellets from a bean-blower while setting 'em up in the next alley for a little marksman. The same promise of high adventure pervades still another of Mr. Gaba's proposals: "Decorate your mantel with a begged, bor-

"Who else knows about this?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rowed, or stolen French horn filled cornucopia-style with holly and mistletoe." No French-horn player around Carnegie Hall will refuse to turn over his instrument to you once the purpose is explained to him. Should he prove reluctant, simply read him Mr. Gaba's article, and if that fails to stun him, sap him just below the left ear with a blackjack. Anybody so deficient in Christmas spirit, and above all a French-horn player, is hardly worth your sympathy.

CONSCIOUS of its august tradition, *Vogue* naturally scorns any such pinchpenny devices as the foregoing. Its article on the subject permits the reader to flatten his nose against the windows of several great houses and watch their occupants celebrate. Mrs. Frederick Frelinghuysen, for instance, occasionally "masques all the curtains in great lengths of red mosquito netting," a mystifying rite, since there are surely no red mosquitoes in Mrs. Frelinghuysen's well-ordered home. (Who the hell Mrs. Frelinghuysen is I have no idea, but it is a cinch from the context that she has a well-ordered home.) Another family brews up an appalling mixture of port, brandy, Burgundy, almonds, and raisins, called *glögg*, and then, I presume, proceeds to get quietly glöggy. A deeply religious bachelor, whose name is unfortunately not given, "once set his Christmas table with all sorts of mechanical toys. As the guests entered the dining room, the wound-up dolls, acrobats, animals, merry-go-rounds began performing their mechanical tricks." The effect on the guests, already reeling with *glögg*, must have been a curious one. Somehow, I have the feeling that everybody started turning handsprings, tearing down the smilax, and beating the tar out of the host—a thing he richly deserved.

No such chronicle, of course, would be complete without mention of Hollywood's method of observing the holiday.

"We're going over and knit at 'Let's Face It' for a couple of hours."

•

Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, I discovered, "often trims her trees with Cellophane tassels or opalescent glass bubbles," so refreshing after the opalescent iron bubbles one encounters everywhere. The Charles Boyers "cajole little pickaninnies to sing the Christmas carols." As one who in eight years has yet to see a pickaninny, big or little, within the confines of Beverly Hills, I can only conclude that the Boyers must range all the way to Georgia and Mississippi for their tiny songsters. Mr. Boyer is a very persuasive article, but that threatens to stand as an all-time high in cajolery.

IT was left to that ordinarily staid journal of gracious living, *House & Garden*, however, to emerge with the one truly brilliant inspiration of the season—an upside-down evergreen tree swung from the ceiling. To any human flies within the sound of my voice, here is an open invitation: Drop around at my flat whenever you like on Christmas Eve with your suction shoes and have a cup of *glögg* on our ceiling. The Kapustins will be there and so will Mr. Gaba, if he isn't tied up (figuratively speaking, of course). You'll know me right away because my eyes will be so radiant; and, besides, I'll have a fresh mauve orchid in my hair—to say nothing of *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, and *House & Garden*. —S. J. PERELMAN

•

It is not so easy as it was to get hard liquod—but patrons often stand four-deep in saloons, clubs and at hotel bars.

If the lights were turned on suddenly on certain nights along Regent Street or even the Strand, you would se thousands of people out for an evening.

It is not so easy as it was to get hard liquor—but patrons often stand four-deep in saloons, clubs and at hotel bars.

If the lights were turned on suddenly on certain nights along Piccadilly, in Leicester Square . . .—*Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.*

How deep did you say they stood at the bar?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Edward!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5135 KENSINGTON

DECEMBER, 1903

IT was the week before Christmas, and Tootie Smith sat on the floor of the upstairs hall directly under the telephone. She was writing on a pad of paper that she held in her lap. She held the pencil so tight that the thumb and forefinger of her right hand were bent backward, and as she wrote she thrust her tongue out in a sharp red point. "Dear Santy Claus, I want a tin kitching and a slad and some dolls jewlry. If you bring a tree put it in Lons room. Granpa says there is no room for trees this year so put it in Lons room. I want a red slad with pictures on it. I want a picture of raindeers on it. I hope the brownies will take this to you. I have been good. With love from Tootie Smith."

She tore the letter she had written away from the rest of the pad, folded it into a square, and then got up and knocked on the door of her grandfather's room. "Grandpa," she asked, "can I use your window this time?"

Her grandfather opened his door and stood looking down at her. He saw that her expression was anxious and unusually mild. "Come in," he said gruffly, stepping aside to let her pass. The air in the small room was heavy with cigar smoke, and the bed was mussed where he had been lying on it. On the floor was a black-and-red striped Navajo rug, and on one wall was a large steel engraving of the Battle of Gettysburg. Under the engraving was Grandpa Prophater's sword in its scabbard. There were rust stains at the hilt; Tootie had always thought they were blood.

"There's not much use in putting that note on the window sill," Grandpa Prophater said. "There was a brownie around a few minutes ago, and he was pretty mad. He told me that he'd heard somebody snarling around here this morning."

Tootie eyed him sharply. "Which brownie was it?" she asked.

"The Dude." Grandpa Prophater shook his head and frowned. "And you know how he is. He can't stand snarling. He's the most delicate of all the brownies, and he has a weak stomach from eating too much candy and too many sour pickles."

"I didn't hear anybody snarling," Tootie said. "Unless Agnes might have been. She snarls a lot." She walked over to the window and put her note outside on the window sill.

Grandpa Prophater puffed on his cigar and then said, "I'm not going to hang up a sock this year."

Tootie turned away from the window and gasped. "You're not!"

"Nope," he said. "And I'll tell you why, if you won't tell any of the girls."

"Oh, I won't," Tootie promised. "I wouldn't for anything in this world."

"Well," Grandpa Prophater said, "a sock is too small. It's smaller than your stocking. It doesn't hold enough. So what I'm going to do is hang up my union suit."

Tootie looked horrified. "But you did that last year!" she said. "You tried the same thing. And look what happened. Santy Claus filled your union suit with coal and rotten potatoes. He did it because you were too greedy."

"Well, he won't do it this time," Grandpa Prophater said. "I got a little tip from the Dude that he won't do it this time. Because this year I'm going to hang it from the chandelier, so that it'll be the first thing Santa sees when he comes down the chimney. By the time he's filled it there won't be anything left for the stockings."

Tootie glanced at the note on the window sill. It was growing dark outside. "I asked for a tree," she said.

Grandpa Prophater snorted. "A tree!" he said. "There won't be any tree, let me tell you! Why, your mother's got the parlor so full of furniture that you couldn't *squeeze* a tree into it."

"Santy could put the tree in Lon's room," Tootie said.

"He *could*," Grandpa Prophater admitted, "but he won't." He walked toward the window and looked out. "I don't see a sign of the Dude. And your note's still there. Might as well bring it in before it blows away."

"I'll put a marble on it, and then it won't blow," Tootie said. She fished in her apron pocket and brought out a marble. "It's a chipped one." She lifted the window and set the marble on the slip of paper.

"I have a strange feeling that there isn't going to be any Christmas this year," Grandpa Prophater said. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, maybe a few oranges and figs and dates that your mother will buy. But nothing else." He spoke with forced cheerfulness. "Of course, we can buy a tree and trim it ourselves. Trim it with nice red berries, and walnuts and niggertoes, or whatever we can scrape up."

Tootie's eyes filled with tears. "I don't want an orphan's tree," she said.

"It'll be better than nothing," he said. He watched her as she moved slowly toward the door.

"I don't know why Santy's so mad," she said. "Nobody's done anything bad around here. Nobody's beaten any horses, like Snarr's grocery boy does. Nobody's done any swearing, and nobody's lost anything." She opened the door and went out, shutting it softly.

GRANDPA PROPHATER opened the window, put the marble in the pocket of his velvet smoking jacket, and read the note before he slipped it into the top drawer of his desk. "Tootie!" he called.

She ran back into his room. "What happened?" she asked. "Something terrible?"

"No," he said. "It looks pretty good. It doesn't look as black as it did. The note's gone. The Dude probably came and took it while we were talking."

"Oh!" she cried, and ran screaming across the hall. In Rose's and Esther's room, her mother stood looking out of the window. "Be quiet, Tootie," she said automatically. "I won't be able to hear the hack if you make so much noise."

"Are they taking a *hack?*" Tootie asked. Her brother Lon was due to arrive from Princeton. His train was already three hours late. Tootie stared at her two sisters. Rose stood before the dressing table in a corset, ruffled drawers, and a hand-embroidered corset cover.

Esther stood off and nodded her head approvingly. "Mamma was right," she said. "You were ruining your figure."

"Well, I can't say I relish the idea of wearing one," Rose said. "But for tonight I'll do *anything*. Pride has simply come to my rescue, even if this corset is too long on the hips." She sat down on the chair in front of the dressing table. "It pokes my legs," she said. "And the steel affects my ribs unpleasantly. I don't see how I'm going to stoop. And the garters hurt."

"You look grand!" Esther said. "Simply elegant."

"I wonder what Lucille Pintard will be like," Rose said. "Probably one of those snobs."

"I can't imagine Lon getting crushed on a snob," Esther said. "I wonder if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he has changed, and if he will look Eastern. I hope he has an Eastern-looking collar, like Roy Dunham's."

Mrs. Smith pushed aside the curtains and looked down the street. "I'm just anxious to see him," she said. "And I don't care whether he has a derby hat or a new-style collar or not."

"I don't, either," Tootie said. She walked over to her mother and pushed against her, like a pony. Her mother wore a satin shirtwaist and smelled of the Jicky perfume that she put on for special occasions.

"Well, naturally, Ess and I are keen to see him," Rose said. "But then I think it will be awfully exciting having a Princeton man pop in and stay a while."

"He'll have a derby hat, all right," Esther said. "I don't suppose Lucille Pintard would have given him a look if he hadn't."

"I don't see why you're acting so silly about a girl you've never even seen," Mrs. Smith said. "She's probably a very sweet young girl."

Esther's eyes flashed. "We happen to know she's *not*," she said. "We happen to know that when Lon took her to a dance in the East she ignored him all evening and danced with Harry Jewett the whole time. Roy Dunham was there and he told Abbie Gilroy. Abbie says this girl thinks she's a *queen*. And we know she's just coming to St. Louis to snub the whole town, *except* Harry Jewett. And even Helen Stuyvesant says she wouldn't have asked her to visit except that the invitation was practically wrung out of her."

"I don't think the invitation was *wrung* out of Helen at all, if you ask me," Rose said. "Helen's as homely as a mud fence, and she just wanted to make sure of getting to all the parties herself. And the best way to do that is to have a perfect queen staying with you."

"I hear something coming down the street!" Mrs. Smith cried. "It's probably your father and Lon." She turned from the window, her face flushed with excitement. For a minute she stood facing them all, and then, picking up her skirts, she ran across the room, out into the hall, and down the stairs. Rose reached for her kimono, her hands shaking, and Esther fastened it around her. They hugged one another and hurried from the room.

TOOTIE began to cry. She cried softly at first, and then worked herself up to piercing shrieks. When the shrieks had reached their height, she turned and stumbled down the stairs. The front door was open, and the air from the outside smelled of snow. At the threshold of the door, Lon had been stopped by his mother, who clung to him, and behind her Esther and Rose stood waiting their turn. He had a mandolin case in one hand and his hat in the other. Agnes tugged at the back of his coat. She was blue with the cold. "Lon! Lon!" she cried. "I've been sitting on the cement steps since your train was *due!* I didn't move once! I saw the hack before anybody. A tramp came by, and I didn't even move!"

Lon's face and neck were red with pleasure and embarrassment. His light-chestnut hair fell forward to the tops of his eyebrows as he bent to kiss his sisters. "You're too thin," his mother said. "I knew you'd be too thin." She glanced over his shoulder and saw her husband coming up the steps, carrying Lon's two bags.

"Lonnie," she said, "didn't you notice he was too thin?"

"Wait until you see your room," Esther said. "It looks grand, and the whole house looks Christmasy. I don't know how many packages have come so far."

"For the love of Pete," Lon said, "what's the matter with Tootie?" Tootie stood at the bottom of the stairs, still screaming. Hearing her name, she rushed toward Lon and threw herself in his arms. "Don't do it!" she cried. "Don't do it! It will bust up the whole thing. We don't need anybody else in this house. We haven't room! You can tell her we just haven't the room. You can tell her that we're perfectly all right as we are. Tell her that we don't need any extra help or anything."

Lon set his mandolin case on the floor and his derby on the piano stool. Then he stooped and picked Tootie up in his arms. "Tell who?" he asked. "What are you talking about, Tootie?"

"Tell that Lucille Pintard," Tootie said. "You can be polite if you want to."

"Look, Tootie," he said. "She isn't going to stay here."

Tootie stiffened and her eyes grew hard. "Why did she come to St. Louis then?" she asked. "Why does she think she's such a queen? I wouldn't marry a girl who thought she was such a queen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I wouldn't marry a girl named *Lucille!*"

"Look here," Lon said. "Who's getting married? Not me. Now quiet down. Did you ever hear of anyone getting married when he was still in college?" He set her gently down on the floor and spanked her twice, sharply.

He turned his back to them and lifted the mandolin case to the top of the piano. When he faced them again, he was composed and his lips were set. "I think I'll run up and say hello to Grandpa."

"And I'll hurry Katie up with dinner," Mrs. Smith said. "If you're all going out."

Mr. Smith and Lon picked up the suitcases and went up the stairs. Esther and Rose waited until they had gone. "Listen," Esther said to Tootie, "I've a notion to shake you until your teeth rattle. You're just a runny-nose little brat."

"I think," Tootie said, "I'll see if the table's set for dinner. I think I'll see if Katie has everything on. If everybody helped with the work in this house, we'd be all right." Without looking at her sisters, she walked through the back door that led to the kitchen.

"Tootie goes too far," Agnes said. "She's all right until she goes too far."

Rose turned on her. "You keep out of this, too!" she said. "We have enough trouble on our hands now." She put her arm in Esther's and they walked softly up the stairs. The door to Grandpa Prophater's room was closed, and through it came the sound of male voices, a low, comfortable murmur.

"You see," Rose said. "We're shut out. I don't see how men can just go places and close doors. I think it's the meanest thing they do. Grandpa does it most of the time, and even Papa does it sometimes, and now Lon's doing it. We've just got to think of something or we won't have any fun at all during the holidays."

"We can shut *our* door, too," Esther said. "There's nothing to prevent us."

IN their room, Rose undid her garters and breathed a sigh of relief. "I feel like an ossified woman in a sideshow," she said. She sat down on the bed.

"Tonight will be awful now that Lon knows we know about Lucille," Esther said.

"Awful," Rose agreed. "It was all right planning to snub her, but we can't even do that now. It will just get Lon down on us."

"I suppose it will." Esther sat at the dressing table and began to take the hairpins from her head. Her soft black hair fell below her shoulders, straight and fine.

Rose watched her for a minute, and then she sat up abruptly. "Ess," she said, "with your hair down that way you look just like a gypsy. You know, not like a real gypsy but like a stage one."

"I don't feel like a gypsy," Esther said.

Rose got up from the bed and, reaching for the hairbrush, began to brush Esther's hair violently. "I have an idea," she said. "We'll go as types."

"You mean—"

"Exactly," Rose said. "There are only twenty men worth paying any attention to who'll be there tonight, and we can handle twenty men, I should hope."

"I don't think I can handle twenty," Esther said. "I really don't."

"Look," Rose said. "I didn't say you had to handle the whole twenty. I just want you to guarantee eight or ten of them. I'll take the rest. I've already got about—let's see." She closed her eyes. "I've already got six, practically in the palm of my hand."

"And I've got about three or four," Esther said. "I've got Ralph, Sam, Warren, and George."

"And we'll both make a beeline for Harry Jewett. It'll be perfect," Rose said. "Because they're not going to fill in the dance cards until people get there, and if we get there early, looking like *types*, we shouldn't have any trouble at all. I think I'll be the queenly type."

"Lucille Pintard is the queenly type. Abbie said so. I don't think you could be as queenly as a girl from the East who's had lots of practice."

"I can be queenly," Rose said. "I can wear my dress with the yellow sash just as I planned, but I don't have to wear my corsage at my waistline. I can wear some of the yellow roses in my hair, and

"He came home to surprise his folks and they went to camp to surprise him."

• •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Think we can get away with 'Little Yellow-Bellies' in a headline?"

• •

I can carry Mamma's black lace fan."

"It's December," Esther said. "What would you do with a fan?"

Rose laughed lightly. "I'll use it to flirt with. I'll use it to look different. And you, Ess, you can be a sort of minx. I'll cut your hair even with your shoulders and you can wear it *down*."

"I won't wear it down," Esther protested. "I'll look too young."

"You're not going to act young," Rose told her. "You're going to act vibrant. I'll take the men who like my type and you take the ones who like to romp around. And don't forget your dimples."

"I'll wear a red sash," Esther said, "and I'll swish my skirts a lot."

They smiled at each other. Rose took a pair of scissors from the bureau drawer. "I guess," she said, "Miss Lucille Pintard will be glad to dance with Lon when she sees what's left."

AT one o'clock that night, Mrs. Smith came down from the third floor, where she had been unpacking Lon's things, and went into her own room. Her husband lay in bed reading. Looking at the worn cover, Mrs. Smith knew instantly that the book was "Pickwick Papers." "You'll ruin your eyes," she said.

Mr. Smith glanced up. His eyes were clear and brown, and he wore no glasses. He had been reading in bed all his life—by a kerosene lamp turned low when he was a boy in Wisconsin, by a dim overhead gaslight in boarding houses when he was a young man, and now, in the high-backed black-walnut bed, by an electric chandelier that hung from the ceiling. He put down his book and yawned. Mrs. Smith walked over and sat down in the small rocking chair by the window. "I should have waited and put the clean curtains up just before Christmas," she said. "They're dirty already."

"They look fine," he said. He sat up and looked out into the dark night. "It's started to snow."

His wife leaned forward and parted the curtains. "So it has," she said. "And the girls didn't take their overshoes. Well, they'll be home soon, and there are only a few flakes coming down. I hope Lon won't stay too late saying goodbye to that Lucille Pintard. Did you take the notes Tootie left on the window sills?"

"Yes," he answered. "But I couldn't find one of the letters that Agnes hid. She told me she wrote six, but I could only find five. She hides them in the chimneys as a rule."

"I'm not sure th: Agnes quite believes in th brownies," Mrs. Smit said. "It's too bad. She probably hidden that not somewhere to test them I'll ask Papa if he found it." She got up from the chair and went to the door and called softly across the hall.

Grandpa Prophater came out of his room. His hair was mussed. In his hands he carried two small white figures which he had made out of handkerchiefs. The figures had queer, twisted arms and legs, thin bodies, and round white heads. Black threads were attached to the heads, arms, and legs, so he could make them dance like marionettes.

"Did you find a letter that Agnes hid?" Mrs. Smith asked.

"Sure," he answered. "Sure. I watched her when she hid it. She pinned it over the mantelpiece in the living room."

"Better get ready for bed, Anna," Mr. Smith said.

"I suppose I had better," she said. "But if I thought the girls weren't going to be too late, I'd sort of like to hear what happened."

Grandpa Prophater opened the door to the room where Agnes and Tootie slept. It was cold, and from the light that shone through the door he could see the children's heads against the white pillows. Tootie lay curved into a soft ball and Agnes was on her back, her hands over her head. He reached up to the chandelier and swung the black threads over the glass shades. Then he pulled the figures of the brownies up and went out of the room, slipping the threads under the door before he closed it.

"I hope they won't get too wide awake," Mrs. Smith said. "Not that it matters, I suppose."

The front door opened and closed and Esther and Rose came up the stairs. They were giggling, and they threw themselves on the bed where their father lay, hiding their faces in the blanket to stifle their laughter. Esther's hair was mussed and blown by the wind and Rose had lost some of her dignity. Her pompadour was dishevelled and the three yellow roses she wore in her hair were limp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Smith sat down on the bed beside them. "What happened?" she asked.

They raised their heads. "What didn't happen!" Esther said. "You never saw anything like it when Rose and I made our entrance."

Rose smoothed her hair and pinned the roses tighter. "By the time Lon got there with Lucille Pintard, Esther and I had every dance taken," she said. "And five of my dances were with Harry Jewett, and five of Esther's dances were with Harry Jewett, and as there were only twelve dances and four extras in all, everything went very nicely, thank you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mrs. Smith said.

"Suffice it to say that Lon danced with Miss Lucille Pintard to his heart's content and that she agreed to *walk* back to Helen's with him," Esther said.

Mrs. Smith sighed. "It's not that I've got anything against the girl," she said. "I just don't want Lon to take it too hard when she isn't nice to him."

"She isn't so wonderful," Rose said. "She's pretty, if you like her type. She has sort of a rat face, though."

"Decidedly," Esther agreed. "I think Lon is just swept off his feet by her Eastern accent."

"Well, I'm glad to know he had a nice time," Mrs. Smith said softly. "He doesn't have as much money to spend as some of the boys."

"We've decided to arrange her visit for her," Rose said. "Arrange it in much the same way as we arranged it tonight."

GRANDPA PROPHATER came in and turned off the light. "Be quiet, all of you," he said. Then, walking to the door of Agnes' and Tootie's room, he stooped and called through the crack. His voice was high and squeaky. "Agnes and Tootie! Agnes and Tootie!"

There was a rustling from the room and a soft whisper. The children clung together. "It's the Dude," Tootie whispered. "I recognize his voice." They peered into the darkness of the room, and suddenly they saw two small, white figures dancing over the foot of their bed.

"He's got Suspidor with him," Agnes whispered. "I can tell him by his little pointed cap." They pulled the covers up to their chins and shook with excitement.

"Hello, the Dude and Suspidor," Tootie said. "Hello."

"Hello, the Dude and my own darling Suspidor," Agnes said. The figures began to dance more wildly; their small arms and legs whirled in the air. The children's eyes were wide, and their breath came soft and warm from their lips. The brownies made one wild flourish and vanished.

"They've gone," Tootie said. "They came for our notes, and now they've gone."

Agnes sat up, alert as a cat. "I thought I heard sort of a plop on the floor," she said. "I'm going to get out of bed and see if I can find them." She thrust one foot cautiously out of the side of the bed.

Tootie caught the sleeve of her nightgown. "Don't you go! Don't you dare!" she cried. "If you find them and touch them, they'll never come back. Grandpa says so. He says a boy tried to catch one once and the brownies never came again."

Agnes sat on the edge of the bed, swinging her foot. "Maybe there wasn't any brownies," she said. "Brownies don't make any noise, and I heard a sort of plop. Maybe it's just Grandpa playing a joke."

"Don't you go," Tootie said tearfully. "I'll hate you if you go."

Agnes drew her foot back under the covers and moved closer to Tootie. "I won't go," she said. Her voice was comforting and almost mature. "I won't go, Tootie." She lay in the dark, her eyes open, wondering about the brownies and wanting to be sure. When she closed her eyes, she could see the brownies dancing in the air. "Listen, Tootie," she said. "I *know* it was the brownies. Because I really did see Suspidor's dear little pointed cap."

—SALLY BENSON

"Here's something for you. Merry Christmas!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

In spite of Shicklgruber, friends,
Your correspondent firmly sends
This confident and cheerful card,
Expressive of his Yule regard.
So, friendly Christmas beams from Sull
For F.D.R. and Cordell Hull,
Churchill, Stalin, Chiang Kai-shek,
And every Norseman, Pole, and Czech.
Your bard gives out a Yule hut-sut
For little Annie Honeycutt,
For Eileen Tighe, Irene Dunne,
Will Cuppy, and Orson Munn.
Despite the universal broil
May Christmas peace enwrap Kay Boyle.
Cornelia Otis Skinner Blodget,
Here's mistletoe. Come now! Don't dodge it.
Love to Dana Xenophon Bible,
George Christie, Fred O. Seibel,
Koussevitzky, Charlie Towne,
Elmer Roessner, Walter Brown.
Rice, old shoes, and happy daze
To Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hays.
Haakon! Wilhelmina!—Skaal!
Vive the Free French! *Vive* de Gaulle!
Vive the Yanks, on land, at sea,
In bomber, tank, or infantry!
Extend the democratic mitten
Across the sea to valiant Britain!
Thumbs up, chins out, and knuckles down!
Your Uncle Sam is going to town;
He's going to town with a sunset gun
For the Land of the Erstwhile-Rising Sun,
So drink to this: By next Noël
May Hirohito be in hell!
Now let your visages be riant
For Tommy and Rosanna Bryant;
Let Christmas Day be anti-dour
For Irene Rich and Charlie Poore,
Lister Hill and Margaret Dale,
Vassar, Princeton, Bedford, Yale,
John G. Winant, Anna Wong,
Hassard Short, and Lois Long;
And deck the house with evergreen
For Pola Stout and Ev McLean.
Mix up a good stiff Christmas jolt
For Joe Creamer and Sammy Colt,
For Ethel, John, and Lionel,
Herbert Agar, Ulric Bell,
Jessel, Hope, Colonna, Benny,
Timoshenko, and Budenny,
Franchot, Errol, Gary, Clark,
General Marshall, Admiral Stark.
Stark, the herald angels roar
For you and me and Dinah Shore.
Hang a timely Christmas souse
On Alison Smith and Russel Crouse,
Walter Hampden, Phyllis Povah,
Charlie Connolly, Lou Nova,
Al Smith, Jack Entrata,
Bingo Wells, John La Gatta,
Walter Pidgeon, Shirley Ross,
Greer Garson, and Wilbur Cross.

Here's a health to Freddie Steele,
Maestro Bernie, Lady Peel,
Harlow Shapley, Luther Reed,
Senator Norris, Senator Mead,
Senator Pepper, Balanchine,
William Shirer, and Massine,
Judith Anderson, Ruth Donnelly,
Julia Sanderson, Marc Connelly.
Marc, the herald angels coo
At Queen Elizabeth and you;
The herald angels go woo-woo
At Jean Adair and Monte Blue.
Pax vobiscum, Eustace Tilley,
May L. Becker, Joseph Lilly,
Nedda Harrigan, Frank Knox,
Baby Lois, Janet Fox.
Pax and a helping of cranberry jell
To Carl Hallock and John P. Nell.
Now, I confess a Yulish pash
For Caroline and Nathan Asch;
A calorific Yulish yen
For Carrie Slade and Edmund Gwenn,
For Lucille Webster, Jimmy Gleason,
Alice Guinzburg, Doris Fleeson,
Marjorie Waite, Elizabeth Ames,
Kathryn Starbuck, Marquis James,
Boris Karloff, Edmund Duffy,
F. P. Adams' daughter, Puffy.
Drink a festive doch-an-dorris
To Alan Bunce and Newbold Morris,
Squire MacPhail and Lippy Leo,
Miss Lamour and Miss Del Rio,
Josie Hull and the Brooklyn Dodgers,
Justice Douglas, Ginger Rogers,
Wendell Willkie, Claude G. Bowers,
Ozzie Nelson, Admiral Towers,
George Brent, the Duke of Kent,
And a Reynolds toff by the name of Quent,
Fiorello, Gracie Fields,
Charlie Laughton, Arthur Shields,
Tommy Farrar, Peggy Wood—
Boy, thish sillabub is good!
Hozza baby, Arch MacLeish!
Joy to you, and Chris'mash peash!
Hotcha! Whoopee! Zowie! Whee!
Trim me! I'm a Chris'mash tree!

—Frank Sullivan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELL IT TO THE MARINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

AIRMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Sherman Mills Fairchild

OUTSIDE of business hours, Sherman Mills Fairchild, the world's leading authority on aerial photography and one of the twenty leading manufacturers of aeronautical products for the government, displays a remarkable gift for surrounding himself with persons whose conversation tends to bore him to the bone. Fairchild, who is currently turning out several military planes a day in one of his many companies and whose accomplishments include the invention of the first practical aerial camera, the development of methods of making accurate maps from aerial photographs, the construction of the first American plane with enclosed accommodations for the pilot, and pioneering in aerial transport in Mexico, Central America, Canada, and Alaska, has a quick, impatient mind, full of technical knowledge, and it is easy for him to get bored by laymen. Although Fairchild sees a good deal of such variously gifted folk as Howard Hughes, Glenn Martin, Hoagy Carmichael, and Johnny Green, he takes no chances on going for too long without the stimulus afforded by companions who have the ability to make deadening conversation. He is extremely selective in choosing them. Since he has a passion for tennis, the men are likely to be first-class tennis players, and since he regards pretty, well-turned-out girls as essential to the décor of a room, the women must be young, smart, and in general the type that truckmen whistle at on the street.

Fairchild's country place at Lloyd Neck, a dark, French Renaissance house containing a spiral stone staircase, a gallery of family portraits, and a few inexpensive tapestries, is brightened nearly every weekend by two or three strikingly good-looking girls, usually Hollywood actresses or Powers models. Rigidly chaperoned by Fairchild's resident aunt, Miss May Fairchild, they stroll about in sports clothes, uttering mild clichés. Saturday and Sunday afternoons, a couple of tennis professionals may drop in and engage their host on either his outdoor or his indoor court. After several sets, which Fairchild plays more doggedly than brilliantly, he will unlock the liquor safe in his bar, fix up some cocktails in a Waring mixer, and languidly go through the motions of conversing with his guests.

The spectacle of Fairchild talking to a Powers model who probably does not know the difference between a camera shutter and an in-line air-cooled motor would seem to be one likely to bewilder the other stockholders of the Fairchild Aviation Corporation, which makes aerial cameras and precision instruments, and the Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation, which makes airplanes and airplane engines. On such an occasion Fairchild's opening remarks are often accompanied by a rather winning, faraway smile. Soon, however, his jaw begins to sag, he stares at his guest with lacklustre eyes, and he falls into a state in which he fails to reply to any questions at all. This has caused a number of people to think he is deaf; actually, he has the hearing of an American red fox, and the simple reason for his failure to answer a question is just that it bores him. After he and his guests have exchanged remarks over one or two frozen Daiquiris, Fairchild frankly becomes an absentee host. Leaving the houseparty to the mercies of his Aunt May, a strong-willed woman whose first move under these circumstances is to shoo everyone away from the bar, he goes to his study, where he can work on the plans for some new aerial-camera or airplane-engine improvement.

FAIRCHILD aerial cameras are standard equipment in both the Army and Navy planes of the United States and have been sold at one time or another to every major and almost every minor country in the world except Germany. They are being used by all belligerents on our side of the war except Russia, and quite a few old ones are probably still in use on the other side. In this country, standard models, ranging in price from $450 to $3,500, have been used for such peaceful purposes as United States Coast and Geodetic surveys, Commander Byrd's Antarctic expeditions, and Department of Agriculture surveys for the building of Boulder Dam and the reclamation of the Dust Bowl. The most popular model today, used by the United States Army Air Corps, is an automatic, electrically operated camera which bombing planes use to determine the effect of night bombardment. To take an aerial photograph at night, a can containing a cubic foot of flash powder is required; this can is dropped on a parachute by the pilot and, by means of a device which is a military secret, the shutter of the camera in the plane trips at the peak brightness of the flash. The camera is equipped with an electrical heater ensuring its reliability at temperatures down to sixty below zero. Another popular Fairchild model is a multi-lens camera for daytime use, employed by the Air Corps for mapmaking, which, at a height of 25,000 or 30,000 feet, can, in forty or fifty exposures, photograph 800 square miles of territory in an hour. According to authorities on aviation and on Fairchild, the continuing excellence of his products is at least partly a result of the time which their creator, goaded by boredom, spends in his Long Island study. Fairchild himself believes that it is restlessness rather than boredom which motivates him and that he is often genuinely interested in the people whom he temporarily forsakes.

In town, Fairchild keeps the polish on his restlessness by going dancing two or three evenings a week with commercial-photography models or other good-looking girls; he meets many of them at cocktail parties given by Condé Nast, McClelland Barclay, and Jules Glaenzer. Glaenzer, vice-president of Cartier's and himself a thoughtful student of feminine beauty, is an old friend of Fairchild's and understands him rather well. "His mind is never where he is," he once said. "Mentally, he's always taking aerial photographs." Fairchild is sufficiently in touch with himself, however, to avoid taking up with just *any* model, and, to an out-of-town girl coming to New York to go into modelling, an interested glance from him is evidence that she is potentially big-league stuff. When Fairchild invites a girl to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dinner, which he does in a kind of reflex if the girl is really photogenic, she is well on her way to a helpful mention in the gossip columns.

Winchell and other columnists have given Fairchild a playboy reputation, which he is inclined to deprecate. Actually, he approaches girls neither frivolously nor romantically but with the detached, spotty interest of a bachelor taking a half-hour off to buy a lampshade. An unfailingly conscientious man-about-town, he wines and dines his girls at places like the Monte Carlo and El Morocco, and dances with them thoroughly, impersonally, and with a superb sense of rhythm. At the table, conversation generally languishes. Fairchild soon begins to stare about dreamily. If, as often happens, he sees someone he knows who has some aeronautical, photographic, engineering, or architectural knowledge, he leaves his companion with a mumbled word, joins the better-informed table, and plunges into a technical discussion with the avidity of a desert traveller coming upon an oasis. One unusually touchy girl, abandoned in this manner shortly before we entered the war, took the experience rather hard at the time, not realizing she was performing a service to aviation and, consequently, to national defense. When Fairchild returned to her side, an hour later, his face alight with pleasure, she told him he was the rudest individual she had ever met. Fairchild, a gentle man who never means to hurt anyone's feelings, was astonished and contrite. He has, however, repeated the performance more than once with the same girl. She no longer minds. "I know so many people in New York now," she said recently, "that I don't object to Sherman's abandoning me in a night club any more."

WORKING girls approve of Fairchild because he nearly always gets them home around midnight, in plenty of time for a good night's sleep. A bachelor of forty-five, Fairchild has been exposed to a wilderness of débutantes, but he would rather take out business girls than young women of wealthier and more social backgrounds. "Rich girls stay out too late," he has said. Fairchild is crazy about swing music, and experience has taught him that young women who earn their living are more broadminded than débutantes when it comes to spending an hour at some boogie-woogie palace where he can waggle his foot to something eight to the bar.

Fairchild's idea of a nightcap is a couple of hours' reading in bed. He reads scientific books constantly and subscribes to more than sixty magazines, many of them extravagantly technical, including *Air Facts*, *Airlanes*, *Aviation*, *American Aviation*, *Airplane*, *Aircraft Production*, *Army Ordnance*, *Naval Institute Proceedings*, *Electronics*, *Engineering News Record*, *Instruments*, *Machinery*, *Modern Plastics*, *Photo Technique*, *Heating & Ventilating*, *Heating Ventilating & Air Conditioning*, and *Heating Piping & Air-Conditioning*. He is given to bursts of enthusiasm for subjects that are new to him. Among his recent interests are sound absorption, air-conditioning, plastics, landscaping, and wines. He has, characteristically, bought dozens of books pertaining to these matters. His collection of volumes on French architecture, started twelve years ago, when he built his French Renaissance house at Lloyd Neck, is one of the best in the country. He reads in taxis, at business conferences, and while commuting to Lloyd Neck weekends on a thirty-five-foot cruiser he owns. Guests on the boat are not encouraged to disturb him; he sits with a book in the cabin, emerging only occasionally to point at a plane overhead and say, "That's a Fairchild." One or two local Fairchild owners know his boat and dip their wings when they see it.

Fairchild's social life, especially since the war, runs a poor second to his work, and the only serious complaint most female acquaintances have about him is that he often calls them at seven-thirty in the evening for an immediate dinner date. He does this because he works late and irregularly and dislikes making engagements. He never dines at his town house on East Sixty-fifth Street. "A

"The sponsors of this news broadcast, Clarkson and Sons, makers of the world-famous Clarkson Chicken Noodle Soup Mix, the soup prepared from an old Maryland recipe and endorsed by twelve of the country's leading chefs and which can be made so quickly and economically—simply add the hot water and there you are!—forego their usual sales message in order to bring you complete news coverage during this emergency."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cook would tie me down," he explains. "They don't care when I eat at Twenty-One."

FAIRCHILD's reputation as an inventor and promoter dates from his early twenties, which was long before he became a man-about-town. In those days he was sustained by youth, immense scientific curiosity, and a generous allowance from his father. While an undergraduate at Harvard, he was managing editor of the *Harvard Illustrated*, a publication which later merged with the *Harvard Crimson*. Fairchild, who owned several costly English cameras, made three-color photographic covers and built and outfitted the first darkroom to grace a college publication. In 1916, in his sophomore year, he rigged up a primitive forerunner of the synchronized flash-bulb camera now used by press photographers. This included an enormous pan of flash powder arranged to go off just as the shutter clicked. Fairchild took the camera with him to a boxing match at the old Boston Arena and at a suitable moment stood up in the aisle and pressed the bulb. There was a blinding explosion, which stopped both fighters dead in their tracks and threw the audience into an uproar. Young Fairchild was escorted to the door. The picture turned out fairly well and was printed in a half-dozen newspapers. In Fairchild's opinion, this was one of the first action photographs ever taken at night.

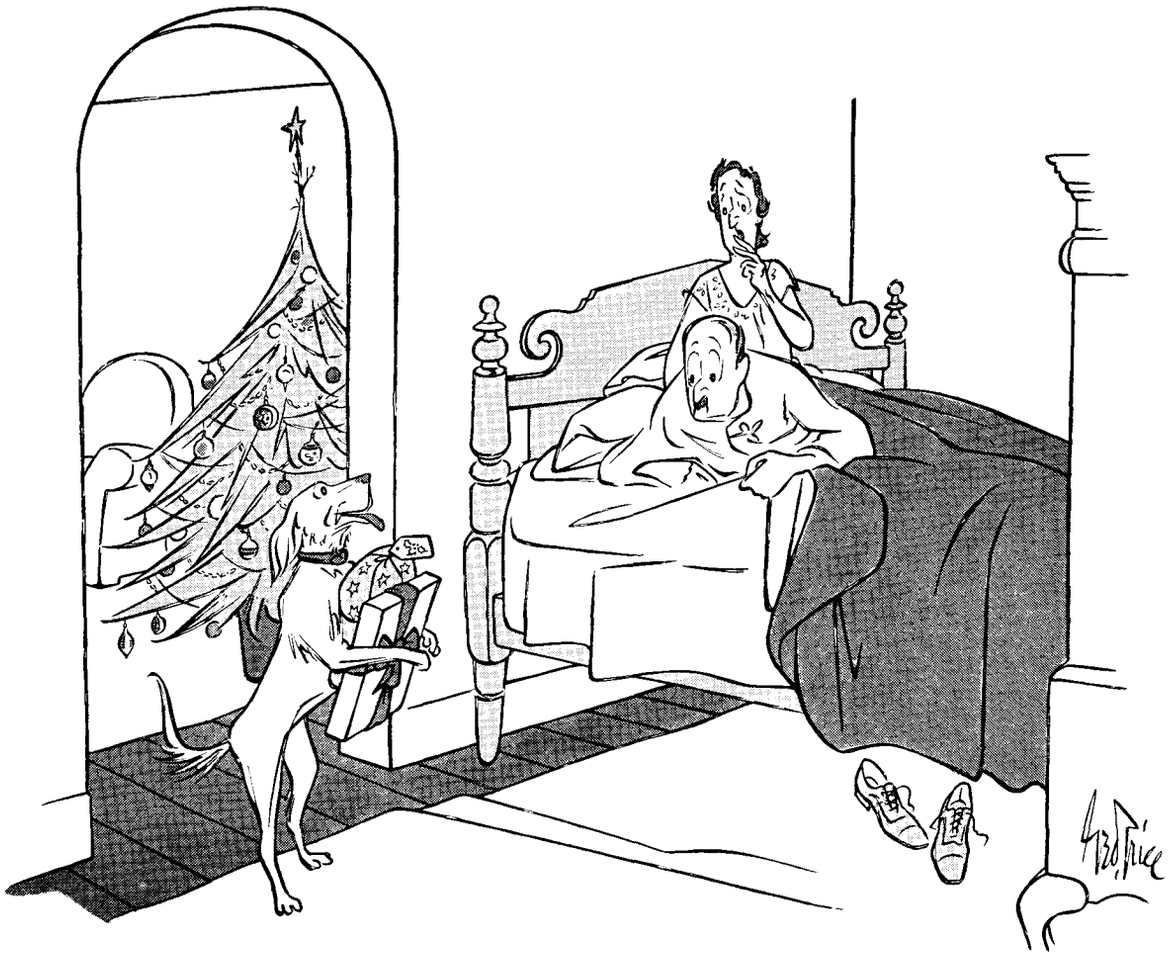
Fairchild's early environment was a particularly fortunate one for a boy with inventive talents. His father, the late George Winthrop Fairchild, was a self-made man who started out as a printer's devil, later financed the manufacture of the first rotary newspaper printing press in this country, and subsequently founded and became the first president of the International Business Machines Corporation. The boy's mother, the former Miss Josephine Mills Sherman, was a distant relative of the late Ogden Mills. The family home was in Oneonta, an upstate town of ten thousand, not far from the town of Endicott, where the father's business, then called the International Time Recording Company, was located. Sherman, an only child, was brought up with access to a factory full of time clocks, adding machines, tabulating machines, and other complicated mechanisms. He showed an interest in photography, and his father built him a complete photographic laboratory in the garage, in which he soon installed many contraptions of his own design. He also devised a non-capsizing bobsled. Fairchild suffered from a chronic sinus affliction, and when he was fifteen he went to Arizona, where he rode horseback, continued his experiments in photography, and attended the Evans School at Mesa. By the fall of 1915 he was well enough to enter Harvard, where he experimented with methods of supersensitizing photographic plates for night photography and rigged up various devices for pulling up the blinds of his room, closing the windows, and turning on the bath without getting out of bed. Toward the end of his sophomore year he was threatened with tuberculosis, and returned to Arizona. He took a few organic-chemistry and machine-shop courses at the University of Arizona, in Tucson, and spent a good deal of time studying the problems of aerial photography, which was then in a primitive state, in an apartment he shared with his Aunt May, who had gone West to keep house for him. Although Fairchild has spent five years in technical schools and colleges, he has never graduated from any institution of learning, and he regards his formal education as something which slowed down his lifework.

He began this work in earnest in the summer of 1918, when he came East and submitted to the War Department some ideas for a new type of automatic aerial camera. This was to be operated electrically, and the government, feeling that the wiring might be a fire hazard, turned his camera down. Some of the officials were impressed by Fairchild, however, and asked him whether he could produce a film-spacing mechanism which, unlike those then in use on aerial cameras, wouldn't waste film between pictures. Fairchild designed one without much trouble. The success of his invention prompted the government officials to offer to reconsider some of his ideas, notably one for a new type of what was, and is, ungrammatically called a between-the-lens shutter. They said that if he would build one at his own expense and incorporate it in an aerial camera, they might buy it. This charitable offer cost Fairchild's father $33,000. He encouraged his son to build the shutter at one of his factories agreeing to foot the bills. These came to $40,000. After a good deal of argument, young Fairchild got $7,000 from the Army for his work.

Fairchild *père* had planned to make his son a vice-president of International Business Machines, but he could understand the pioneering spirit which led Sherman to turn down the job on the ground that the business was too well established to offer much scope for experimentation. In 1920, with $25,000 his father had given him, Fairchild set up a small shop in the garment district of New York for further work on his aerial camera. He formed the Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation and engaged Ernest Robinson, a former I.B.M. factory manager, to help him. Within a few months he received an order from the government for twenty cameras at $1,800 apiece. He filled this order at a loss, and for the next two or three years he continued to lose money and improve the camera. He kept abreast of the technical problems he encountered by taking engineering courses at Columbia, and lived in an apartment at 116th Street and Riverside Drive, where, in his lighter moments, he hooked up a player piano to an electric vacuum cleaner so that he could work the piano without pumping. He incidentally learned to play the piano by watching the keys on this instrument move and by taking a course of ten lessons at a school of popular music. Around this time he made a brief excursion into the song-publishing business in partnership with Gene Austin, the singer. They set up a firm on Broadway, issued a few reasonably successful songs, then sold out to Paramount Pictures at a total profit of $450.

When Fairchild began his ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



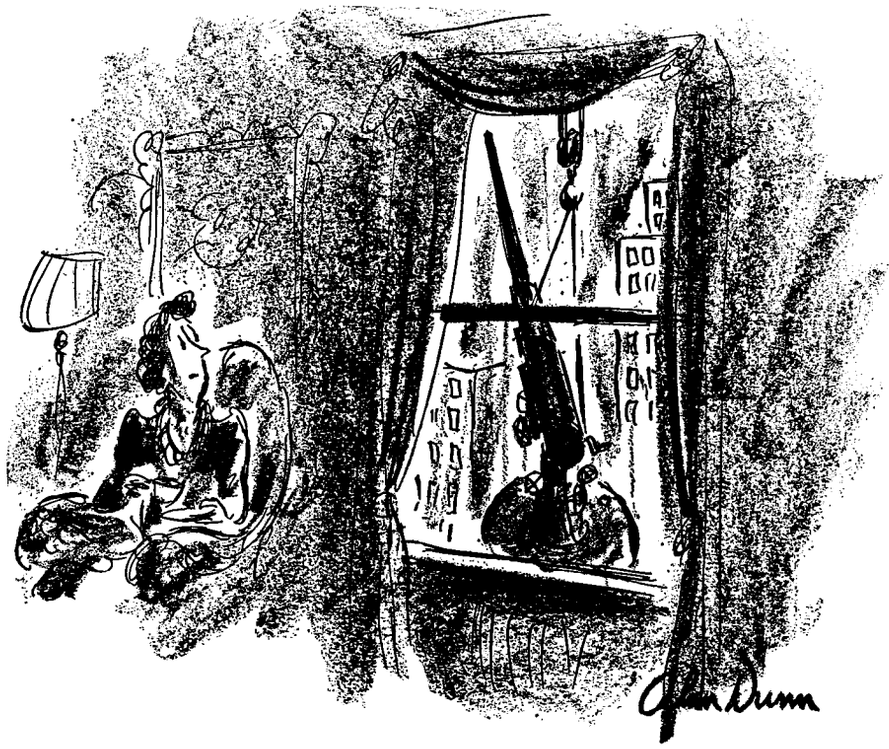
"Oh, dear! And we didn't get anything for him!"

periments with aerial cameras, the last war was on and he had a military market in mind, but by the time he got into production the war was over. He decided to try to popularize his camera as a commercial mapmaking device. He was told by several engineering firms that the trouble with the existing aerial-survey maps, made by piecing many separate photographs together into a mosaic, was that the photographs had to be distorted in order to make the pieces fit. Having devised some highly involved methods for making such distortion unnecessary, he formed an aerial-survey company of his own. Fairchild, still being backed by his father, celebrated his first surveying assignment, which was to map the city of Newark for $7,000, by losing $23,000—a reduction of $10,000 from the loss on his first between-the-lens shuttered camera. The survey company, founded early in 1924, lost money steadily for almost ten years; then it began to make a profit, which reached what is still a high of $117,000 in 1938. The company, which has offices in New York and Los Angeles, has mapped one-eighth of the United States and a considerable area abroad. Its biggest clients have been the federal government, city governments, public-utility companies, and explorers. Thousands of square miles have been plotted for governmental flood-control and erosion-checking projects, for oil firms seeking favorable geological formations, and for lumber concerns estimating the contents of tracts of timber.

JUST as Fairchild's camera got him into the surveying business, so surveying got him into the airplane business. His surveying activities led him in 1924 to have two planes, expressly designed for aerial photography, built for him by the Huff-Deland Airplane Company. Fairchild signed a one-year contract with this firm to act as its sales agent for similar planes in South America on a twenty-per-cent commission basis. Just one day after the year was up, Fairchild, who had not made a single sale, received a cable from the Brazilian government offering to buy a plane. He proudly turned his order in and was correctly informed that the contract had expired and that no commission would be forthcoming. The amount involved, twenty per cent of $9,000, was not actually important to Fairchild. His father, who had survived his mother by a year, had died a few months before and had left his entire estate, which, after taxes, came to something over $2,000,000, to his son, but Sherman resolved, with a millionaire's indignation, not to become a victim of what he regarded as a hard-boiled attitude on the firm's part. He wired Brazil that he had just brought out Model 2 at the same price, and wouldn't they rather have that? Yes, cabled Brazil, and Fairchild found himself in the airplane business without a factory or an airplane. He went to Igor Sikorsky, then in his early pioneering days at Roosevelt Field, commissioned the Russian designer to make him a plane for $9,000, and sold this to Brazil as Model 2, making no profit but thoroughly enjoying the principle of the thing.

Fairchild's dominant trait is a curiosity to find out what makes a piece of machinery go. He hung around Roosevelt Field while the plane was being built and was surprised to find that a great number of wing arrangements and tails of various sizes had to be tried before the plane could fly properly. He felt there should be some more direct way of building a plane and decided to build one himself. He formed a company called the Fairchild Aviation Corporation, rented an unused airplane factory at Farmingdale, Long Island, and proceeded to make the FC-1, a high-wing cabin monoplane which could carry a pilot and two passengers. It was the first American plane with a hydraulic landing gear and enclosed accommodations for the pilot. According to the prevailing theory, a pilot had to feel the wind on his face in order to maneuver properly. To dramatize the foolishness of this assumption, Fairchild, on the occasion of the FC-1's first demonstration, which took place on a cold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



March day at Curtiss Field, had the pilot wear a white coat and a straw hat, which he tipped ostentatiously to his leather-coated, helmeted confreres as he flew past the hangars at the field.

Both the Curtiss Aeroplane & Motor Company and the Department of Commerce ordered several planes in Fairchild's second model, which was patterned after the FC-1, and Fairchild, influenced by the aeronautical enthusiasm of the times and his recent inheritance, became increasingly important in aviation. He built a factory and flying field of his own near Farmingdale, bought a plane-manufacturing company in Maryland, built the largest airplane factory in Canada, in Montreal, and formed, with some associates, two transport companies—the West Indian Aerial Express, in Santo Domingo, and the Mexican Aviation Company, in Mexico. In 1928, he and his fellow-investors sold the transport companies to the Pan American Airways system, then in its infancy, making a profit of about a thousand per cent on the transaction. Fairchild, who had been elected a director of International Business Machines after his father's death, took most of his profit in Pan American stock instead of cash and became a Pan American director. Part of the remainder he spent in building, in anticipation of transatlantic plane service, a four-engine flying boat with a wing span of a hundred and thirty-one feet, for which purpose he organized the Superplane Corporation, making himself the head, and rented factory space in Buffalo.

THE market value of the stock in Fairchild's various companies rose during this period of expansion until, early in 1929, Fairchild's holdings were worth over $5,000,000. He issued a promotion booklet entitled "Plane Facts for Plane People," met Jules Glaenzer, and began to give sizable cocktail parties in a triplex penthouse on Park Avenue, where his Aunt May became exposed, to her surprise, to an increasing circle of pretty girls, tennis players, and hot musicians.

The magnitude of Fairchild's business activities did not escape the attention of Wall Street, and, in 1929, Robert Lehman and W. Averell Harriman urged him to let them put things on an even more heroic financial basis for him. As a result, a fifty-six-per-cent interest in the Fairchild companies was bought by a newly formed holding company, the Aviation Corporation, which, through a banking syndicate headed by Lehman Brothers and W. A. Harriman & Co., sold $35,000,000 worth of stock to the public at twenty dollars a share. Its aim was to become the octopus of aviation, and it subsequently purchased several non-Fairchild transport companies and added them to the Fairchild nucleus. A two-year period of chaos ensued. There was a top-heavy directorate of fifty-seven bankers and industrialists whose interest in the company was so lethargic that at least one directors' meeting had to be baited with a professional mind-reader in order to attract a quorum. The profits of the Fairchild companies fell off drastically. Although a vice-president, a director, a member of the executive committee, and the largest individual stockholder in the Aviation Corporation, Fairchild had no control over the component companies and found himself unable to attempt the manufacture of any new models—such as his transatlantic Superplane—of which his fellow-directors disapproved. The Fairchild Aviation Corporation alone lost over $2,000,000 in 1929 and $871,000 in 1930, and there were heavy losses in other divisions. Fairchild came to the conclusion that he was surrounded by lunatics. Many of his fellow-directors heartily reciprocated the sentiment, regarding him as a spoiled and intractable young genius. In April, 1931, after a series of squabbles, Fairchild made a deal whereby he got back all the stock in the Fairchild companies held by the Aviation Corporation in exchange for his Farmingdale factory, valued at $1,300,000, and other investments worth $200,000. The Fairchild companies' annual business had fallen from $4,000,000 to less than $1,000,000, and the total market value of his aviation holdings had dropped from their 1929 high to a few hundred thousand dollars, but he was again the owner of his camera, aerial-survey, and plane-manufacturing enterprises.

ALTHOUGH Fairchild can be irritated by seven-figure losses, on the whole he is a businessman who is not easily rattled, and he continued, with long-range optimism, placidly to lose money for the next four or five years. His camera was profitable, and he successfully developed a small commercial plane, but he spent such large sums doing research on an in-line air-cooled engine and other novelties that, from 1931 through 1935, he invariably ended every year with a loss of between $50,000 and $100,000. After what had happened to his interests in 1929 and 1930, these figures must have looked practically like profits to Fairchild, to whom financial statements have never been terribly interesting anyway and whose I.B.M. dividends alone have assured him, ever since his father's death, of a comfortable living. Nevertheless, in 1936, he decided to rearrange his corporate structure so that his engine-and-airplane-business losses would not wipe out his camera-and-survey-business profits. He formed two new, soundly organized corporations: Fairchild Aviation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Corporation, to handle his camera, navigation instruments, and aerial surveying, and Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation, to handle his planes and engines. Fairchild Aviation, run under Fairchild's direction by two former I.B.M. officers, Ernest Robinson and J. S. Ogsbury, has made money almost from the start. Fairchild Engine & Airplane, run by Fairchild himself, lost $342,000 in 1937, but by 1939 it was showing a profit. Wall Street, which had become skeptical of Fairchild's business ability, began to revise its opinion of him, and in that year Smith, Barney & Co., a conservative investment house, successfully floated an $800,000 stock issue of Fairchild Engine & Airplane. The improved prospects of this part of Fairchild's business became even more apparent in 1940, when Fairchild engaged J. Carlton Ward, Jr., formerly a United Aircraft vice-president and general manager of its Pratt & Whitney division, as president of Fairchild Engine & Airplane. Ward is considered one of the ablest men in his field, and the fact that he went to work for Fairchild despite a competing offer from General Motors is generally regarded in the trade as a feather in Fairchild's cap.

The names and products of Fairchild's companies have changed so often in the past twenty years that Fairchild himself sometimes gets them mixed up. Today the Fairchild Aviation Corporation, which is the largest manufacturer of military aerial cameras in the world, makes aerial cameras, sound-recording instruments, range-finders, radio compasses, and other precision instruments at Jamaica, Long Island. It owns a sixty-per-cent interest in Fairchild Aerial Surveys, a sixty-per-cent interest in Photogrammetric Instruments, Inc., a Los Angeles company which makes sun compasses and other instruments for precision mapping, and a fifty-three-per-cent interest in the Taylorcraft Aviation Corporation of Alliance, Ohio, which is the second largest producer of small commercial airplanes in the world. The Fairchild Engine & Airplane Corporation, which sold Fairchild's Montreal plane factory to Canadian interests when England went to war, has two divisions—Fairchild Aircraft, a company in Hagerstown, Maryland, which makes both commercial and military training planes, and Ranger Aircraft Engines, a Long Island Company which turns out in-line air-cooled airplane motors and is working in three eight-hour shifts. Among aviation people the in-line air-cooled engine is considered one

Painted by Lt. McClelland Barclay, U.S.N.R.

COLLEGE MEN WANTED

(GRADUATES, SENIORS, JUNIORS, SOPHOMORES)

to be Naval Officers

You want to serve your country. Why not serve where your college training will do the most good? Read every word of this announcement, whether you are now at college or have already graduated.

DECK AND ENGINEERING OFFICERS

The Navy needs 7000 Seniors now in college, or College Graduates, as prospective officers. Seniors who enlist today will not be called to active duty before next June. They will thus have time to graduate.

In addition, the Navy needs 5000 men now in their Junior year in college as prospective officers. If you enlist today, you may complete your education and graduate in 1943. Meanwhile you will be called to active duty only during the period your college is closed next summer.

After graduation, you will receive a 30-day preliminary training course. If found qualified, you will then be given further training as Midshipman, U.S.N.R., at $65 per month plus allowance. Upon successful completion of this training you will be commissioned as Ensign, U.S.N.R., at $125 a month and allowances.

All applicants must be native born citizens of the United States, unmarried, and between the ages of 19 and 27 inclusive.

NAVAL AVIATORS

The Navy needs 15,000 men now in their Senior, Junior or Sophomore years in college as prospective Naval aviators. Students who enlist today will not be required to commence training until the completion of their current college year. Graduates or other qualified candidates will be called for the first training class in which they can be accommodated.

After 3 months preliminary training as seamen, second class, they will, if qualified, be ordered to flight training as Aviation Cadets in a course requiring approximately 7 additional months to complete. Aviation Cadets' pay is $75 per month. Upon successful completion of the course they will be commissioned as Ensigns, U.S.N.R., and win their Navy "Wings of Gold." As full-fledged Naval Aviators their pay will be $205 per month plus allowances.

All applicants must have been United States citizens for at least 10 years. They must be unmarried and between ages of 20 and 26 inclusive.

FOR FURTHER DETAILS GO TO THE NEAREST NAVY RECRUITING STATION TODAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAX GORDON
★★4★★ HITS

"An exciting hit!" —Walter Winchell
THE LAND IS BRIGHT
By George S. Kaufman & Edna Ferber
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. Mats. THURS. & SAT.
SUNDAY PERFORMANCE 8:40 P.M.

"Large, Lavish, Colorful"
—Anderson, Jour. Amer.
SUNNY RIVER By
Oscar Hammerstein II & Sigmund Romberg
ST. JAMES, W. 44th St. Mats. Dec. 25, 27. Jan. 1 & 3
SUNDAY PERFORMANCE 8:40 P.M.

"A gay & joyous frolic"—Coleman, Mirror
JUNIOR MISS
By Jerome Chodorov & Joseph Fields
Based on the stories by Sally Benson
LYCEUM, 45th E. of B'way. Mats. Dec. 29-Jan. 1 & 3

"A honey of a show" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
By Joseph Fields & Jerome Chodorov
Based on the stories by Ruth McKenney
BILTMORE, W. 47th St. Mats. Jan. 1 & SAT.

"MAGNIFICENT! . . . TRIUMPHANT!"
—BROOKS ATKINSON, Times
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

"As deft, malicious and fascinating a comedy as you could hope to see." —Wolcott Gibbs
John C. Wilson presents
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
A Farce By NOEL COWARD
MOROSCO THEA. 45th St., West of B'way • Circle 6-6230
Eves.: 8:40. Mats.: WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2:40

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times

LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN
presents
A New Play
Letters to LUCERNE
by
FRITZ ROTTER & ALLEN VINCENT
CORT Theatre, 48th St. E. of B'way., BR. 9-0046
Eves. $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Dec. 26, 27, Jan. 1 & 3

"A honey for your money."—Winchell
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
Music & Lyrics by
BARRYMORE Thea. W. 47. Mats. at 2:30
Holiday Matinees: Dec. 27, 30, Jan. 1 & 3

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 42

of Fairchild's two most substantial contributions to the war effort, the other being the revolutionary type of training plane he developed two years ago. This plane, which has been adopted by Canada, Free Norway, Chile, and Brazil, as well as by our own government, has made possible more efficient methods of training pilots. Ranger engines are used in Fairchild Aircraft's training planes and are also bought by Grumman, Curtiss, and the Navy. In addition, Fairchild Engine & Airplane owns the Duramold Aircraft Corporation, a Manhattan firm which makes semi-plastic airplane parts for Fairchild trainers and for bombers built by Glenn Martin and other companies. Fairchild believes that plastic airplanes will be faster than metal ones and ultimately cheaper. The fact that no aluminum is used in their construction is a timely argument in their favor, and Fairchild recently received a contract from the government, running into several million dollars, for completely plastic planes of what he calls "a confidential type." At the moment, Fairchild is devoting most of his time to getting into production and speeding up work on a number of "confidential" devices entrusted to him by the government, and our entrance into the war has intensified a pleasant feeling he has that he is a repository of military secrets. He thinks nothing of working, when necessary, fourteen hours a day seven days a week, and it's a safe guess that as the war goes on he will spend more and more time with blueprints and less and less with beautiful bores.

As chairman of the board of the two Fairchild corporations, Fairchild, from his office at Rockefeller Center—which can be reached by dialling A-I-R-P-O-R-T—holds a loose rein on a variety of aeronautical enterprises, which now, owing to the war, have seven thousand employees and a backlog of $70,000,000 in unfilled orders. With the management of his companies in the competent hands of the Wards, Robinsons, and Ogsburys in his employ, Fairchild is free to work on inventions and argue with his engineers about various complicated factors in aerodynamic design. Fairchild's aviation holdings are worth about $2,000,000. Since they are the result of the investment of approximately $1,000,000, Fairchild, happily, is about a million to the good.

DESPITE his willingness to risk large sums of money on the more experimental aspects of aviation, Fairchild is given to a great many personal

A Theatre Guild Production
HOPE FOR A HARVEST
An American Comedy by SOPHIE TREADWELL with
FREDRIC MARCH
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE
ALAN REED
GUILD THEA., W. 52 St., Mats. Dec. 26, 27. Jan. 1 & 3

The Theatre Guild and
The Playwrights' Company present
Helen Hayes
in Maxwell Anderson's New Play
Candle in the Wind
Staged by Alfred Lunt
Shubert Thea., W. 44th St., Mats. Dec. 26, 27. Jan. 1 & 3

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
LUCILE WATSON
PAUL LUKAS
MADY CHRISTIANS
MARTIN BECK Theatre
W. 45 Street
Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ETHEL BARRYMORE
in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
ROYALE Theatre
W. 45 Street
Eves. 8:40
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in Association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
VINCENT • JUDITH • LEO G.
PRICE EVELYN CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45 St. Cl. 6-6740
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Dec. 25, 26, 27, Jan. 1, 2, 3

"NO AUDIENCE CAN RESIST 'THE WOOKEY'."—Time Magazine
EDGAR SELWYN presents
THE WOOKEY
by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
with EDMUND GWENN
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. W. of B'y.
Evgs. (Incl. Sun.) 8:40. No. Mon. Perfs.
Holiday Mats.: Dec. 26, 27, & Jan. 1 & 3

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O' FUN
CARMEN ELLA
MIRANDA • LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10-$2.75. Mat. & Evg. Perfs. SUNDAY

"A SMASH HIT!" — Walter Winchell
B. G. DE SYLVA presents
ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
COLE PORTER Songs
46 ST. THEATRE, West of B'way. Eves. at 8:30
Matinees Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30

"Miss George is a joy."—BROWN, World-Telegram
"Mr. Smith is a rare delight."—WATTS, Her. Trib.
GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
Spring Again
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. at 2:40
Holiday Mats.: Dec. 26, 27, 30 & Jan. 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economies, about which he is extremely articulate. He wears sixty-dollar suits, takes lower berths—never drawing rooms—on trains, drives an old Chrysler, haggles over cover charges, and has filled his house at Lloyd Neck with tapestries, paintings, and furniture which he and his Aunt May have bought at auctions without having to outbid the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The comparative worthlessness of this collection is a source of vast satisfaction to Fairchild and he talks about it to visitors with a connoisseur's appreciation. "What do you think of this painting?" he recently asked Larry Adler, the harmonica player, pointing to a large canvas in his living room depicting four Italian gentlemen in medieval costume. "It's a good likeness of the Marx Brothers," said Adler. His host beamed. "Got it for a song at an auction," he said contentedly. Fairchild also likes friends to know that he bought for practically nothing twenty thousand squares of bluestone which once were used to pave Manhattan sidewalks. He uses these in borders for the roads on his place, which covers forty-five acres and fronts on a private harbor large enough for seaplanes and occasionally used by such seaplane-owning friends as Howard Hughes and William Randolph Hearst, Jr.

Fairchild's prize bargain, in his estimation, is his indoor tennis court. This is housed in a huge, hangarlike wooden structure which has no windows and no interior braces and is heated, air-conditioned, and lighted with power from a gasoline-engined generator which Fairchild bought for $2,000. The court has won praise from Alice Marble, Tilden, and other top professionals who, to Fairchild's intense pleasure, have played on it. Altogether, the court cost him $25,000, which he estimates is $75,000 under the market. He is not sure that this represents a clear saving of $75,000, however. "I spent a third of my evenings for a year working out the engineering details, finding the best places to buy the materials, and so on," he said the other day.

Being fond of music, Fairchild has furnished his Long Island house with a radio equipped with a loudspeaker intended for a twelve-hundred-seat theatre, a Hammond Novachord, and two pianos, which the team of Fray and Braggiotti, and sometimes Fairchild and Braggiotti, play. At least one pianist or band leader shows up at every Fairchild weekend. Fairchild likes friends and business associates to drop in informally over weekends, and this has given him a reputation for being a high-powered host. Actually, he keeps house rather casually. His butler, who has been with him for sixteen years, is somewhat hard of hearing, and first-time visitors to Fairchild's house are occasionally surprised, after ringing the bell several times, when the door is opened by their host. Fairchild is willing to open the door for the butler because the butler, while serving at table, often asks his employer some knowing question about plastics or in-line motors. Fairchild, who once attended a cooking school in Paris and now is on the executive council of the Wine and Food Society, is also willing to help his cook out. His specialties are a clam broth made of clams dug up on his own shorefront, and a curry sauce made with sliced apples put through a sieve. Aunt May, when given a free hand, usually orders corn pudding and codfish cakes—fare which she regards as ideal for building up the strength of Powers models.

Fairchild gave up his triplex apartment a year or so ago and moved to a modernistic house he had built on East Sixty-fifth Street. Designed according to his specifications by the firm of William Hamby and George Nelson, it has ramps instead of staircases, electrically operated Venetian blinds on the outside of the window panes, complete air-conditioning and soundproofing, a living-room floor of teakwood mounted on rubber springs to provide resiliency, amoeba-shaped furniture, and a glass-walled courtyard embellished with a crab-apple tree and a couple of wisterias. Fairchild has spent $75,000 on the house. He generally manages to overlook this when he shows friends around; he calls attention to the oak-fibre and coconut-fibre coverings on the living-room walls, which, he says, cost almost nothing, and to the fact that the motor operating his Venetian blinds cost only sixteen dollars.

Fairchild's Aunt May has moved to Sixty-fifth Street with him and brightens up his life by letting him take her out for dinner every few evenings. Fairchild hates to go to dinner parties, and he often uses his Aunt May as an excuse for refusing invitations. A few weeks ago a young woman phoned him about a formal dinner two weeks later. Fairchild declined, saying he was reserving that evening for his Aunt May. "Perhaps I could get an extra man," said the girl, "and have your aunt too." "My Aunt Jennie is also coming to town that day," said Fairchild, truthfully. The hospitable young lady, who had always thought of Fairchild simply as a one-aunt man, knew when she was licked. "Goodbye, Sherman," she said, and hung up.—Geoffrey T. Hellman

• •

REMARKABLE REACTIONS

A List of Some Individuals Who, as Reported by the Press During the Past Several Months, Have Responded Strangely to Certain Situations in Which They Have Happened to Find Themselves

Locale	Individual	Situation	Reaction
Lima, Peru	Señor Laserna, a matador	He was booed by spectators for failing to get his bull.	He burst out crying.
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania	Housewife	She received a refund for overpayment of taxes.	She returned it.
Pittsburgh	Hitchhiker	He successfully flagged a passing motorist and discovered that the car's radio was turned on.	He declined the ride because he didn't like to listen to the radio.
Springfield, Illinois	Lee Becker	His automobile license expired.	He made new plates out of a stovepipe.
Hollywood	Gregory Giese, infant movie actor	He received his Social Security card from Washington.	He ate it.
Oakland, California	Unidentified man	He saw a twenty-eight-year-old automobile parked at a curb.	He stole it.
Chicago	J. P. Sostenkowski	He was a candidate for the office of alderman.	He handed out garbage cans, instead of cigars, to the voters.
Independence, Missouri	Mrs. Gladys Markey	She saw a mouse.	She killed it.

—W. E. Farbstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KATHLEEN inc.
118 East 60th St., New York City

DIVINE for dancing and dining — black magic net for allure— trimmed with dainty black lace. Sizes 10-20
$110.

Aristocrat of MIAMI BEACH
Planned and built to give Miami Beach a hotel ranking with America's finest. Private beach and gardens assure "elbow room" for a carefully restricted clientele. Reservations in advance. No deviation from these published season dates: Nov. 20 to Apr. 20. Deluxe brochure on request.
FATIO DUNHAM, Manager
The WHITMAN
BY THE SEA
OCEAN FRONT AT 34th STREET

OF ALL THINGS

THE bad news from the Pacific shows that the Japanese profited greatly from the treachery of their attack. Like their Axis partners, they entered the war with a complete set of low principles.

•

Hitler tells his people that their soldiers are facing a Soviet army superior in men and equipment. This should dispose of the rumor that the Germans have been giving up territory as a Christmas present to an old friend.

•

The Nazis are astonished at the severity of the Russian winter. There was a lot about this in the Napoleonic histories, but probably those books have all been burned.

•

The compromise draft bill, under which a soldier's life begins at twenty, seems to satisfy almost everybody. Boys who suffer from being only nineteen will be surprised how quickly time effects a cure.

•

Householders will comply with the government's request for wastepaper which can be made into cartons. Somewhere, too, there must be thousands of tons of useless literature printed by various Fronters, Shirters, Vindicators, Crusaders, and Mobilizers.

•

An ugly report has been going around of a possible shortage in Defense Bonds. Everybody should get panicky and start to hoard.

•

Some people have had the war brought home to them for the first time. The government tells us that we are to have few tires, no golf balls, and precious little weather.

•

Reports indicate that the Finns are beginning to suffer from the German retreat. They must sometimes suspect that they hitched their wagon to a falling star.

•

Enemies will kindly refrain from making air raids over New York just now. We cannot turn off our street lights and our sirens merely purr.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

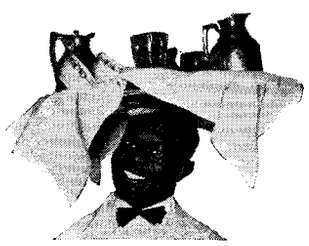
A "HEALTH VACATION" AT THE HOMESTEAD SPA
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Is a Spa visit desirable for one in good health?

For what specific conditions are Spa treatments recommended?

What do Spa visits cost?

These and other questions are answered in a timely booklet which will be sent you on request



Famous for Southern Service

Address inquiries to The Homestead Spa, Hot Springs, Va., or its New York office in the Waldorf-Astoria, ELdorado 5-3000 . . . Pullmans nightly from principal Eastern cities.

THEODORE'S
4 E. 56th ST. PLaza 3-6426
Superb DINNER $1.65
LUNCHEON $1.25
Open SUNDAY AT 5:30 P. M.
★ ★ ★ ★
PAULA LAURENCE • RICHARD DYER-BENNET
MABEL MERCER • PETERS SISTERS
LE RUBAN BLEU

Spanish
AT BERLITZ—
A good investment for your Bonus or Christmas Club Check! New classes constantly forming. *For 63 years Berlitz has never failed.*

Berlitz SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
630 Fifth Ave., Cl. 6-1416
Rockefeller Center (at 50th St.)
and in Brooklyn, 66 Court St.

A LA FOURCHETTE
Luncheon Dinner Supper
Cuisine Reputee
Specialitées
Moules Marinière
Chicken Véronique
Convenient To Theaters
342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

THE memory of small absurdities that have pleased him from time to time is one of the reviewer's few rewards, and this week, lacking any new productions to discuss, I'd like to recall a few moments during the past five years when I was happy in the dark. Many different things produced these pin points of gaiety, but perhaps the majority of them were the result of some playwright's determination to transplant his own vision of the fashionable life intact to the stage, and we might as well take up this classification first. The material which follows, incidentally, is not a product of my morbid imagination. It comes from the files.

In a social document called "Moon Over Mulberry Street," still dear to my heart, the author attempted to capture the whole essence of stylish behavior in thirteen words. "Oh, we talk," said the Park Avenue heroine, describing her elegant home life to her suitor, an Italian vegetable dealer. "We discuss books, polo—touching on this subject and that."

Usually, however, writers prefer to deal in samples rather than definitions. "I really must dash upstairs and change these togs!" cried a typical aristocrat in "Susan and God."

"Your wife acts like she's getting veddy suspicious," murmured a siren in "Angel Island," suiting her accent to the text. "She watches me like a hock."

"You have drooped into a butler," said a forthright woman of the world in "Boudoir" upon encountering an old flame, reduced to domestic service.

When one of the cultivated physicians in "Jupiter Laughs" was informed that the heroine had just been blown up in the laboratory, he put a record on his phonograph. "It is Chopin's B-flat-minor Sonata, Opus 35," he explained. "It helps me to forget the futile tragedy of existence."

Epigrams are also useful in creating an atmosphere of brittle sophistication. "Imagination is the alcohol in the cup of life," said a jaded society type in "Weather Permitting," while a débutante in "Spring Song" assumed for a moment the mantle of Oscar Wilde. "Men, they're the second strongest sex there is," she observed cynically.

"Love often wears an old gray coat," sighed the democratic heroine of "I Must Love Someone."

Nor are the upper classes without their rowdier aspects. "How did you sleep last night?" asked a polite dowager in "The Burning Deck." "Alone, worse luck," replied the fashionable roué.

In "The Flashing Stream," the hero's ardent gaze happened to light on a celebrated lady mathematician. "When I look at you, *I* see the naked woman," he told her lewdly. So it goes. Not even in Café Society is the point of view so rich and strange or the talk more elegantly turned.

SOMETIMES a character on the stage is given a line which seems to sum up the whole play, and this interior and accidental criticism is often far more damaging than anything the paid reviewer could find to say. "My God, you're all so *young* in this place!" exclaimed an exasperated lady in "College Sinners" after listening to about two and a half acts of paralyzing undergraduate conversation about life.

"Words, words, words. It is *words* you're in love with, not me!" cried another in "Curtain Call," and she spoke eloquently for everybody in the theatre that interminable night.

"You must think we're all crazy in this house," said a matron in "The Lady Who Came to Stay" in an attempt to explain an old family habit of conversing with the dead.

My favorite example of this oblique comment, however, turned up only a week or so ago in "The Seventh Trumpet." "Why are you here? Who sent you?" demanded one graybeard loon, peering dimly out at the audience. He was unanswerable.

The singular, if not totally incomprehensible, behavior of people on the stage has also pleased me from time to time. The young man in the recent "Walk into My Parlor" who ate two goldfish and then picked a live coal out of the stove with his bare hand was strange, but there were many before him equally demented. In "Love from a Stranger," the villain betrayed the unbalanced condition of his mind

DIGGING IN FOR THE WINTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RITTER *Tabasco*-Flavored CATSUP

Whether the "bird" is Cold Turkey, Chicken, Steak, Lobster . . or hash . . this remarkable Catsup will make it a feast of flavor! Surprise your family; impress your holiday guests! Ah, that touch of tabasco*!

PACKED UNDER CONTINUOUS INSPECTION OF THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

U. S. GRADE A FANCY Officially Certified by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

P. J. RITTER COMPANY

Fine Foods Since 1854

*Our use of this product and its registered Trademark is licensed by the McIlhenny Co.

CAPTIVATING . . . colorful Havana! Enjoy it to the utmost at The Nacional, distinguished, superbly located, resort hotel . . . with gaiety and delightful diversions of its own. Smart private beach . . . outdoor pool . . . tennis and other sports . . . Cuba's most brilliant supper club, *Bajo la Luna*. ★ 549 rooms, all outside with bath. Winter rates from $6 single, $11 double. ★ Apply Travel Agents, or 17 E. 42 St., New York City, or Ingraham Bldg., Miami, Fla., or Resident Manager, Havana, Cuba.

On the Ocean at **HAVANA**

by eating a brightly colored scarf; in "Too Many Boats," the heroine demonstrated her ability to defend her honor by shooting the heads off snakes at fifty yards; in "So Proudly We Hail," an actor showed his distaste for the military life by throwing cats out of the window; in "Return Engagement," a wife kept her husband from running away with another woman by concealing his teeth; in a revival of "The Bat," the badgered lady of the house was heard to observe, "All right, Whizzie, you may bring the liskey;" in "Timber House," the entire cast kept announcing its intention of going up to the attic and then taking a flight of stairs which obviously led down to the cellar; in "Brother Cain," there was a Polish widow with four sons—one Irishman, one Swede, one Italian, and one native American. All these were wonderful people. I still love them all.

THE remainder of my material is unclassifiable, but perhaps it is unusual enough to be worth your attention. "I think I'll go and shoot some wolves," said a frontier type in "On Location." He picked up his gun and started out, but paused at the door. "*Some* wolves have two legs," he observed darkly and disappeared, and though I waited anxiously, that was the last I ever saw or heard of *him*.

In "Without Warning," a large object fell on one of the characters, obliterating him permanently. "Now we're *getting* somewhere," remarked the detective on the case with satisfaction.

"Quarrelling, fellows?" asked a clergyman genially in "A Woman of the Soil" as the hero and a crazed drug addict lay locked in deadly embrace at his feet.

My final note is vaguely seasonal. "Take it easy, Shadrach," snapped one of the holy men in Maxwell Anderson's "Journey to Jerusalem," a poetic study of the Nativity and the early years. As I've said before, the reviewer's life is often dull, but it has its tiny compensations. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The writers whose columns appear on this page are given the widest latitude in their interpretation. Their viewpoints sometimes conflict with the editorial opinions of the Evening Ledger, which are reflected only upon the editorial page. The ideas and points of view of special writers and columnists are their own and given as such without comment.

DUMB-BELLS

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Now, now, now, *now!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ART GALLERIES

Negro Art

THERE must be more truth than I'd realized in that ancient gag about Negroes loving bright colors, for the most striking single thing about the exhibition of American Negro art at the Downtown Gallery is the almost barbaric profusion of bright reds, rich blues, and resounding purples the pieces contain. Few other artists I can think of work in so high a key and with such tonal intensity as the men on view there do, and there is one room in particular—the main upstairs gallery, where the majority of the paintings are hung—which I'll guarantee you can hardly enter without blinking your eyes.

Once you get them open, however, you'll find yourself in the presence of some remarkably fine things. A big show, it includes sculpture and prints and other black-and-whites as well as paintings, and its range is from the middle eighteen-hundreds to the present. Its main emphasis is on contemporary work, and throughout this section there is a sense of imaginative vigor, combined with a maturity of expression, that would be surprising in any group exhibition, no matter who its contributors. Practically all styles are represented, from the naïve paintings of Horace Pippin and Felton Coleman, through the Expressionism of Beauford Delaney (see his swirling red-and-yellow "Still Life"), to the semi-abstract stylization of Alice Catlett's small but compelling "Margaret and Gayle."

I like, too, Ernest Crichlow's dramatic "Lover," Romare Bearden's strongly composed "After Church," and Jacob Lawrence's lively study of a gambling-house interior, called "The Green Table;" among the many excellent pieces of sculpture, Sargent Johnson's subtly handled "Copper Mask" and William E. Artis's simple, charming "Head" seem the most noteworthy. It's Pippin, however, who steals the show. As you may recall, he had a one-man exhibition at the Bignou Galleries a couple of years ago, but impressive as his work was then, it has improved tremendously in clarity and precision, and the three canvases he has on view—"Christ," "The Lilies," and "Woman Taken in Adultery," the last two of them dated this year—seem to me to place him incontestably in the very front rank of modern primitive painters, here or abroad.

Indeed, as with Jean Eve and Camille Bombois, Pippin's skill and resourcefulness have progressed to the point at which it is hardly proper to call him a primitive at all. Such naïveté as there is in his work exists only in a certain stiffness of drawing and an ingenuous insistence on detail; for the rest, his design is bold and authoritative, his color sense unerring, and the texture of his work shows a technical assurance that bespeaks the highest artistic sophistication. Note particularly his "Woman Taken in Adultery"—how the reds, greens, and blues of the robes of Christ and the other figures are played off one against the other and the group as a whole made to glow against the blank white wall of the temple behind them. I suppose, until some more appropriate word can be found, "primitive" will have to be the word we use for a man like Pippin, but I imagine there are not many painters, however "finished" in style they may be, who can fail to admire the dexterity and daring he displays.

AT the A.C.A., David Burliuk is showing, through this Saturday, a set of new oils and water colors, all but a few of them the product of a recent trip through the South and Southwest, and though there is nothing in the lot to compare in power with that big, lusty "Song of the Harvest" he offered a year ago, the collection seems far sharper and surer than the last one. As is always the case with the many-styled Burliuk, the show has a puzzling resemblance to a group exhibition; the rugged Expressionism of such pieces as his "Girl with Cow" and "Hot Morning in Clearwater" alternates with the surrealism of the "Sea and Mechanisms," while occasionally both these styles are abandoned in favor of the Dutch primitivism of his "Book Lovers" and "Mrs. Burliuk." This year, the Expressionist mood wins out. The small "Girl with Cow," brisk and sketchy as it seems at first glance, is about as expert a piece of painting in this manner as one could find anywhere; if one looks at it again, one sees that hardly a brush stroke has been wasted in the treatment of the scene. I liked, also, the two Florida studies called "Tarpon Springs, A and B," as well as the large, really beautifully organized "Road to Hot Springs."

FOR the past few years, John Marin has been devoting himself more and more to oils instead of to water colors. I am not one of those who find the change deplorable. I must say, however, that I don't like to see him demoting the latter medium to the point where he uses it merely for sketching ideas that he means to work out more fully in oils, and in so far as that tendency appears in his current exhibition, at An American Place, I found the affair disappointing. This is not to say, though, that there aren't fine things in the show, for there are: among the water colors, the broadly rhythmic "Movement—Green Sea" and the more animated "Movement—Boat, Sea, Rocks and Sky;" among the oils, the really superb, deeply studied "Sea Raising More Hell." . . . Oils by John Blomshield, in a first one-man showing, are the feature at the O'Toole Galleries. This is tight, careful, competent work, and if in some of the figure studies the artist seems to strive too hard for a Renaissance sonorousness and dignity (and achieves, in the end, only glossy and false portentousness), in his still lifes he shows both sound organizational skill and rare feeling for textures. I liked best of all his "Still Life—Pears and Figs with Sung Jar," as much for its subtly harmonious color treatment as for its graceful circular design. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

CUCKOO SONG

Colors are coming in again; black not so popular.—*Fashion note.*

Coler is icumen in,
  Lhude sing cuccu!
Passeth blacke, cometh backe
  Redde and blewe tu—
    Sing cuccu!

Undelytsum blacke is dedde,
  Betere is blewe;
Yelowe golden, purpil bolden
  Gladde the eyen nu.

My suetyng cometh wounder proude,
  Lossom to seo!
Sheen and gaye hire arraye,
  Bryht of bleo.
    Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

—CAROLYN WELLS

[bleo, color]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

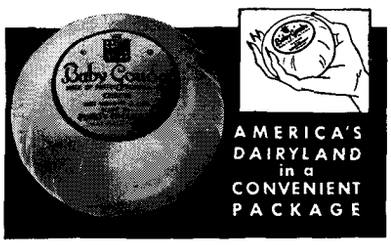
Are you one of the many who had the good fortune to receive a gift box that contained Purity's Mel-O-Pure or Baby Gouda Cheese? Their beautiful appearance makes them strikingly attractive as a gift — their distinctive mellow flavor makes a hit with connoisseurs everywhere. Enjoy this "economical luxury" 52 weeks of the year — available at your favorite quality food store.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write for beautiful descriptive leaflet and prices.

PURITY CHEESE CO. Dept. N MAYVILLE, WIS.

Distinctive

MEL-O-PURE BABY GOUDA
NATURAL CHEESE



SERVE

The fine Scotch Whisky from Scotland's Best Distilleries

CUTTY SARK

86 PROOF—
100% BLENDED
SCOTCH
WHISKIES

THE
BUCKINGHAM
CORP.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 21 (BY CABLE)

FOR feelings, it was a mixed week in London. Counter-balancing gloom over the Pacific situation, the really good news from Libya at last seemed to justify the premature and much-criticized chirpiness of the famous Cairo spokesman, whom Mr. Churchill recently defended with a characteristic impetuosity reported to have drawn "indulgent smiles" from his listeners in the House. Above all, the news from the Russian front continued to be of such incredible goodness that someone suggested inserting the word "from" in the middle of the "Aid Russia" slogan on the flags which appeared in English buttonholes a few days ago. The realization that this and not the Middle and Far East is the front upon which the Germans could lose the war seemed to have sunk well into the public consciousness. All sorts of rumors were going around London of an Allied grand alliance of strategy which would shortly and dramatically be brought out of the bag. The necessity for something of the sort was among the subjects scheduled for secret debate in the Commons.

Also down to be discussed in the same manner was the loss of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. Though it's unlikely that any statement will be issued to the public about this tragic setback, which has already altered the British seascape in the East to an extent that has prompted observers to recall France's temporary naval domination in 1781, there's no doubt how people in millions of British homes have interpreted the sinkings for themselves. The anger over the loss of those two ships has had a furious, personal quality. The ordinary Briton's criticism of the action leading to the disaster has not been softened, either, by the attempt to justify Admiral Phillips' judgment in deciding that he didn't need an aerial escort because the weather was overcast, an explanation which has led cynics to hope the High Command isn't banking on the chance that the Germans will pick a rainy day for an invasion of this island. Those who think precious capital ships should be assured of a slightly more lethal umbrella than a cumulus were also noticeably unassuaged by the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who remarked that lack of air support had not prevented the Fleet from taking men out of Greece, Crete, and Dunkirk, "although at great loss." It had been hoped that those three occasions might have provided the experience which would make large sacrifices a less inevitable part of future actions, and the discovery that this was not so has been a profoundly shaking experience for a people to whom faith in the Navy is part of their faith in life.

The wholesale reshuffle of American commands in the Pacific brought but slight comfort to the British, who, occupied as they have been with their own naval tragedy, could only feel that the neighbors were having their upsets too. Echoes of American criticism of unpreparedness at Pearl Harbor at least had a mitigating effect upon the susceptibilities of Englishmen, who were good and tired of hearing that, whatever happened, it was always the British who weren't ready for it. To find that others were just as fallible was not altogether unsoothing, human nature being what it is, though people wish glumly that the demonstration hadn't come off at quite such a dangerous moment.

THERE was nothing mixed, unhappily, about feelings in regard to the Far East news; all were of deep anxiety. The fall of Penang had been expected but nevertheless came as a nasty shock, and there seems to be no great optimism that Hong Kong will turn out to be a second Tobruk. The uneasiness was increased by the now open and grave references in the press to the approaching danger to Singapore, a place which relatively few Englishmen have ever seen, although so many of their hopes and fears are centred on it. Relatively few Englishmen had ever seen the Prince of Wales, for that matter, and the public now feels that Singapore is a sort of geographical Prince of Wales—something impregnable by all the rules, though these rules may turn out to be unreliable in the end. No one felt particularly cheered by the unfortunate remark of Sir Shenton Thomas, Governor of British Malaya, that "things hadn't gone as well as they had hoped" there because of Thailand's throwing in the towel. All that sensible people could think was that Malayan defenses must be in a pretty queer state if a force of thirty-six thousand inadequately equipped Thailand troops strung out along a vast frontier had been really reckoned as an effective barrier to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japanese advance. Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham was hardly the most popular Englishman, either, having said of the Far East in October: "We are in a position to handle any situation that may arise." His handling of the situation which has arisen in December has made an anxious public at home wish to goodness that those in high places would stop issuing cock-a-hoop predictions without first crossing their fingers and looking twice at the defenses of their air fields. The scandal over the lack of foresight in this respect is expected to leave as many casualties as the Pearl Harbor explosions did in the American command.

WITH so much to worry about, it doesn't feel much like Christmas to the adult population of this island. In the last day or two, however, the familiar fever has got under way, and the shopping streets have been crowded with people who, however much Singapore is graven on their hearts, carry on their brows the unmistakable lines of anguished worrying over what to give Aunt Ethel. They have been lucky if all they have had to carry were lines on their foreheads, since the shops require customers to take away their purchases, and this, coupled with a lack of wrapping paper, has made most shoppers look like harassed and cruelly overloaded camels. Enterprising gift hunters have been toting suitcases around with them, and the resulting casualties among the young in crowded stores prompted a *Times* reporter to remark, "Many people have discovered how large a proportion of small children are in height just about suitcase level."

Any children who survive the perils of these expeditions are going to have to do with fewer toys this year, since they are scarce and expensive. So are adult gifts, such as handbags, for which no coupons are needed. The gift which every Briton would like best would be news of a resounding Allied slapback at the enemy in the Pacific. Seasonably enough, their anxious attention is turned to the East, where they still hope that their country has wise men to direct their affairs and good shepherds to watch by night and by day over their great heritage. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

COUPLES MARRY
ON THANKSGIVING
BROWN-NIPERT, MARAHENS-ABETZ,
BEST-POLAND NUPTIALS HELD
LATE BUS RUN TO STOP
—*Headlines in the New Britain Herald.*

Too late!

Peace will come again..

PEACE will come to this tortured world again—and within our time. Although war and hatred seem to rule at this moment, the time is not too far away, when fertile lands will be teeming with workers of the soil, and great industries will be producing for the good of humanity, not the destruction thereof.

And the Peace will be a just one—based on the guideposts for humanity as taught and demonstrated by the Prince of Peace. It will be a peace in which all are equal—so, renew your faith, and take heart, *for Peace will come again.*

✳

JOHNSON SUTURE CORPORATION
5001 West 67th Street • Chicago, Illinois
Makers of Chrome Twist Tennis and Badminton Gut

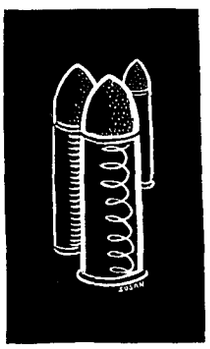
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LITTLE RAIN

FATHER CARROLL opened the window of the parish house. He blew drifts of coal dust from the sill, then set his palms against it and leaned into the night. The air was hot. Rain was falling noisily on the tin roof, silently on the nearly invisible statue of Mary crowning the chapel. Between the house and the chapel, a bank of red Carolina clay had been cut to frothing gullies. The first day of the downpour, Father Carroll had said to Buck, his colored altar boy, "Now the heat is bound to break. Now winter's coming at last." But Buck had said, "Hit don't make no difference about the rain, sir. Rain'll just gobble up the air."

That was what the rain had done. Father Carroll felt as if he had been drowning minute after minute for five days. He could hardly breathe. From his narrow window, he looked across the town. Hundreds of dancing oblongs of light fell from the windows on the opposite hillside, where the white people lived. Here, about the new Franciscan chapel and the school for colored children, a handful of yellow lamps swam in the dark. Father Carroll shivered. How was he to learn what lay beyond the lamps? With the roads growing impassable, school had been dismissed. One by one, the children had been drawn back into their crowded, unpainted, inscrutable shacks. Buck, Father Carroll's first convert, had missed Mass this morning. Unless the rain stopped soon, it was plain to Father Carroll that his year's work down here might go for nothing.

Buck was sixteen, two years beyond the age limit of the school, so Father Carroll had trained him as an altar boy. That had turned out to be such excellent strategy that Father Carroll suffered occasional twinges of conscience. The younger boys were eager to worship what Buck worshipped. Buck would whisper to them after Mass, "Look at 'em candles, boy! Look at 'em shine! And do you smell what I smell? Do you smell that ol' incense burnin'? Ain't that some smell?"



The younger boys would roll their eyes. "And you can light 'em candles, Buck?" one of them would say. "And swing that goldy-lookin' thing?"

"Sure I can. Anybody can that gets this here rollin' Catholicism," Buck would answer.

"What's 'em words, Buck?"

"Why, if you want to know—why, I reckon Father Carroll's the man you want to see. I just reckon he's the one."

IN less than a year, Father Carroll had raised the school's enrollment from twenty-five to over seventy colored boys and girls. Three extra nuns had been sent down from the mother house in Alleghany, New York, to take charge of the overflow. Plans had been drawn for an addition to the chapel. But lately, after summer passed and the burning sun held on through autumn, Father Carroll felt less certain of himself. Perhaps the job had seemed too simple. Perhaps these grinning, unfathomable kids would slip away from him as easily as they had come. Watching the rain, trying to draw a breath in the still night air, Father Carroll saw that he held no proof of his success. He stood alone in an empty house, beside an empty chapel, on Christmas Eve. The world that lay about him was not his world.

He tightened his grip on the sill. In the North tonight the snow would be lying deep in the yards or piled high beside the roads by the big ploughs. The air would be cold and sharp, the sky crammed with stars. Candles would be lighted in the windows of houses. Through the windows you would see—as last year, walking about the city where he had been living, Father Carroll had seen—trees covered with tinsel and ornaments, trees glittering with tiny bulbs. In one yard he had caught sight of a spruce, taller than the house behind it, glowing with blue lights. In another yard someone had fashioned out of snow Mary and the Child, the moonlight falling ice-blue, like satin, on Mary's head and cradled arms.

Up there, Father Carroll had seen Christmas in the faces passing him on the street. He had heard it in voices speaking while doors were opened and closed against the cold: "Come in. How good of you to come!" "I can't stay. But I had to tell you merry Christmas." He had been shaken by it, standing under the brassy amplifiers in the city park: "Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!" And later, in his room in that other parish house, Father Carroll had arranged last year his private Christmas. He had set a shoe box on its side on the table beyond his cot. He had covered it with pine twigs broken from shrubs around the house. He had placed inside the shoe box a plaster Jesus and Mary from the five-and-ten, a prayerful Joseph, and two placid cows. When he went shopping that morning, he had had money enough to buy either a set of shepherds or a set of Wise Men. He had weighed the decision carefully, while the girl behind the counter tapped with her painted nails on a hill of sparkling snow. Father Carroll had chosen the shepherds. They had seemed closer to him than the Wise Men, with their proud names and gorgeous clothes. That night he had propped the shepherds upright by the infant Jesus. Then he had knelt in front of the shoe box to say his rosary.

For a moment now the rain seemed to slacken. Father Carroll heard water foaming in the gullies and circling the open foundations of the house. He heard a report that might have been a shot fired at a rat in a nearby shanty or a car backfiring. Somewhere down the slope a tethered donkey began to bray. Then the rain came down once more through its sieve of heat, on the slick banks and the sodden road. Father Carroll turned from the window to study the room behind him. No crèche stood on the flat pine table. Somehow, hundreds of miles from home, Father Carroll had lacked the will to make one. Coming among these people, he had promised himself to follow their customs. Apparently they had no customs. The room was bare.

He heard a second report, followed by a sound of voices. Beyond the roofs of the house and chapel, a faint glow colored the sky. It looked to Father Carroll like a fire. Nearly every week a faulty stove set ablaze one of the shanties surrounding the chapel. Father Carroll leaned out of the window but saw nothing. The glow faded and returned, closer to the chapel. Father Carroll heard a series of reports behind the curtain of rain. A bright-yellow explosion lighted the road in front of the house. He saw that the road was filled with boys and he shouted, "What's happened? What's the matter? Do you need help?"

The crowd surged under his window, ankle-deep in mud. Father Carroll saw that Buck was leading them, his kinky hair glittering with raindrops, a pine torch in his right hand. The crowd shouted, "Merry Christmas, Father!" A dozen firecrackers exploded over his head. He said sharply, "Buck, what's the meaning of this? Firecrackers on Christmas Eve!"

Buck's eyes gleamed. He lighted a fuse with his torch, then he sent the firecracker looping beyond the crowd. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheerful contempt he said, "Don't you celebrate Christmas up North?"

"Of course we celebrate Christmas," Father Carroll said, "but we celebrate it as it ought to be—" He bit his lip. After a moment he said, "Can I light one, too?"

The crowd grinned up at him. Buck pulled a six-inch salute from his pocket and said, "We bought this little old baby just for you." He handed the salute to Father Carroll, then he lifted his pine torch to the sill. Father Carroll held the fuse against the torch's flame. "Watch this little old baby fly!" he shouted, and with all his strength he hurled the salute toward the chapel roof. It climbed through the streaming dark, its fuse faintly spiralling; then it burst in a white flame over Mary's head.

To the bare room, Father Carroll whispered, "Now, that's what I call a regular Christmas firecracker." He crossed himself. It would take him only a minute to put on his hat and rubbers and join the boys. A little rain never hurt anybody. —BRENDAN GILL

•

WELLESLEY'S BENEFACTORS

VI.—Mr. Francis A. Foster

FRANCIS APPLETON FOSTER, a resident of Weston, enjoyed driving through the Wellesley Campus. This experience is understandable, particularly to many alumnae who on revisiting the Campus, and struck anew by its beauty, have felt a renascence of wonder.

In 1922 when Mr. Foster died he bequeathed to the College $500,000. His gift was described in the President's Report, 1921-4, as "noteworthy not only because of its size, but also because it was entirely unexpected. No one connected with Wellesley knew that Mr. Foster was interested in the College." All we know now is that he enjoyed the beauty of the Campus.

Part of one's education at Wellesley College—and no mean part—is the gradual awareness of the laws of aesthetics and the developing of a belief in the power of natural beauty to enrich one's life.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

If you know what we mean.

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(FORMALITY DIVISION)

[*From the Hollywood Citizen-News*]

An amended rule, eliminating the provision which kept entertainers four feet away from customers at all times, but which banned lightly clad entertainers from sitting on customers' laps, was adopted by the Police Commission yesterday.

If the girls are "conventionally clothed," and, at a time when the show isn't going on, act in a "formal manner," the lap-sitting will be O.K.

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.*)

Presenting Moonshine, by John Collier. *(Viking, $2.50.)*
Twenty-four stories by this master hand at the horrors, the creeps, and the weird, and we don't know another artist who can play so prettily with notions of murder and unexpected sinfulness.

Stevie, by Benedict Thielen. *(Dial, $2.)*
The adventures of Stevie and Agnes, who would like to be refined if given half a chance, are on the lively side.

And What's More, by David McCord. *(Coward-McCann, $1.50.)*
Expert and excruciating rhythms and rhymes which are a delight to those who specialize in such matters.

The End of a Decade, by Harry Brown. *(New Directions, $1.)*
That exciting event, a first book by a new poet of talent. A bit in the Auden school, which is the correct thing now, but with a touch of Ovid too, which is also suitable, or so we are told by the authorities.

Junior Miss, by Sally Benson. *(Random House, $2.)*
The original chronicles, from which the play came and which started all the hullabaloo. Here are the true Lois and Judy, and here are their parents, and here is the apartment in which they live. Really a gentle family, and not people who ever dreamed they would be put on the stage.

My Dear Bella, by Arthur Kober. *(Random House, $2.)*
The truth about the more exclusive circles of the Bronx, revealed in these brief sketches of the problems faced by the beautiful heroine, who must control her family as well as her girl friends and the various gentlemen who are interested.

Hotel Splendide, by Ludwig Bemelmans. *(Viking, $2.50.)*
Amazing glimpses of life behind the doors —kitchen and boudoir—of a great hotel. Bemelmans at his best, with his own drawings thrown in.

The Wilsons, by Christopher La Farge. *(Coward-McCann, $2.)*
Social climbing in the Narragansett Bay area and the comedy of the highest social life there, which is nothing to be sneezed at. Every incident enlightening and entertaining.

My Best Girls, by Helen E. Hokinson. *(Dutton, $2.50.)*
A superb collection of this artist's drawings. You know her ladies—ladies of the suburbs, ladies of the nicer tearooms and of the better women's clubs, ladies with gardens, big, shady hats, and well-trained pets, ladies who perhaps have let their waistlines go just a bit as the years have crept on, but always ladies of the noblest motives.

Peter Arno's Cartoon Revue. *(Simon & Schuster, $2.)*
A prize selection, from the last five years' output, of this artist's work. W. Somerset Maugham contributes a polite word of introduction.

Anything Can Happen, by Edward Newhouse. *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.)*
Sharp and humorous, these sketches trace the careers of the author's classmates since they left high school. Their careers have been varied and make good reading.

Newspaper Days, by H. L. Mencken. *(Knopf, $3.)*
Ingratiating and affectionate memories of the old days when the great man was just a cub reporter on a Baltimore paper, having the time of his life.

Attorneys at Law, by James Reid Parker. *(Doubleday, Doran, $2.)*
Those little details of daily living which your friends in the Bar Association may not consider quite dignified enough to tell you but which make very light and lively stories just the same. The inside truths about that eminent legal light Mr. Devore, his partners, and his clients.

Soap Behind the Ears, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. *(Dodd, Mead, $2.)*
Civil defense, Oscar Levant, beauty salons, and literary matters are all superbly handled, with consummate ease and utter grace, by this talented lady, just as though she had nothing else in the world to do. And Alajálov has done the illustrations.

Poems and New Poems, by Louise Bogan. *(Scribner, $2.50.)*
The beautiful and exact language of this poetry alone would distinguish it, and there are many other reasons, too, for its superiority. A selection from Miss Bogan's earlier volumes, with seventeen additional poems.

The 1942 New Yorker Album. *(Random House, $2.50.)*
Drawings by fifty-six of our artists, which ought to bring some pleasure to people not completely out of their minds. We simply consider them very funny, and trust to luck that other human beings will feel likewise.

NOW ON SALE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AMERICANS ARE BUILDERS

THE first American forces of this war to set foot on European soil arrived on a Sunday morning several months ago, when three transports docked at a gray little town in Northern Ireland. They were the vanguard of what the British call Uncle Sam's Lease-Lend Army, and consisted entirely of civilians—contractors, engineers, construction bosses, truck-drivers, and laborers who were there to build a base, the exact nature of which is naturally a military secret. Their arrival in Ireland was the outcome of a simple proposal which was made by the British Purchasing Commission in New York. As both equipment and men for building several bases in Great Britain were lacking, the Commission offered contracts to American construction companies with the stipulation that they supply not only the necessary building equipment and material but also much of the labor. The arrival of the first contingent of an American labor army that now numbers several thousand was sensational news in England and Ireland. In Dublin, the rumors ranged from one that the contingent was a group of torpedoed American technicians en route to Iceland to one that it was the first battalion of an Irish-American army sent over to defend Eire against the Nazis. Expecting to meet anything from vacationing schoolteachers to top sergeants, I recently took a train from Dublin to the north to see for myself.

The railway station at which I arrived on a Saturday afternoon bore unmistakable evidence of American occupation and culture. Large signs lettered in black on wooden planks announced, "American Luggage Room," "To American Cars," and "To American Docks." From a dingy coffee counter came the rich aroma of American coffee, and in a grimy showcase were displayed several bags of Planter's peanuts and copies of American magazines. Outside the station were two new but dusty Chevrolet station wagons, and several new Buicks stood among the native taxis and horse-drawn cabs.

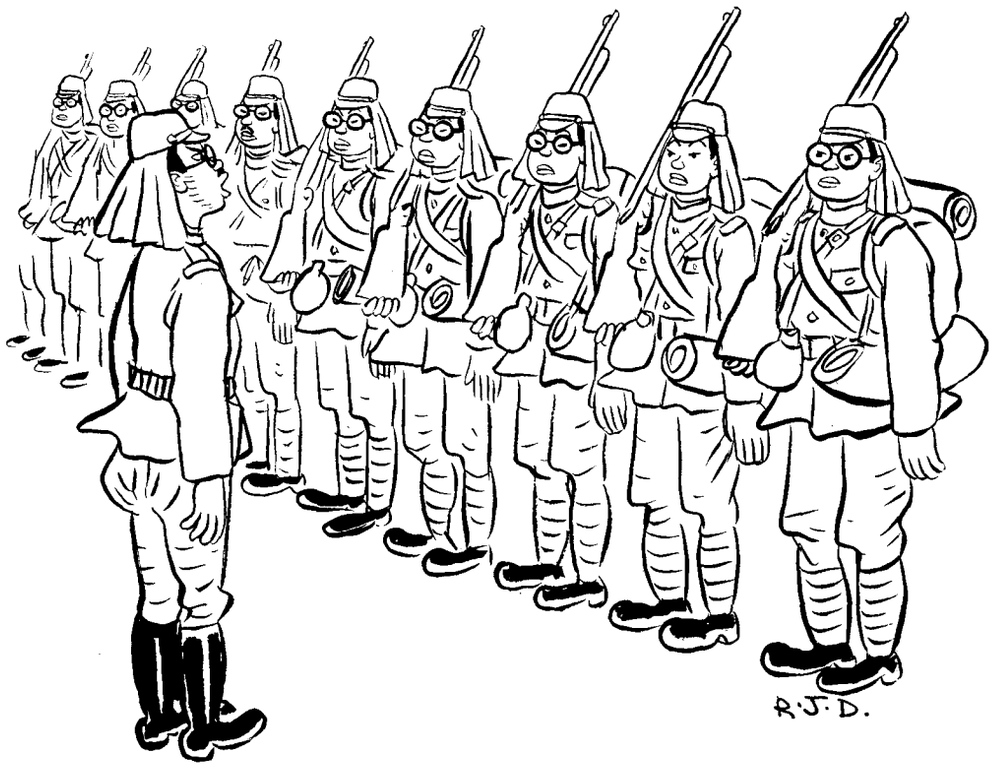
As I hesitated whether to take a taxi or risk a cab, a young man in khaki breeches, boots, and a windbreaker looked me over, then strolled up and said, "Suppose you're headin' for headquarters." There was something definitely Brooklyn in his manner. I explained that I was merely a visitor looking for a hotel. "O.K.," he said. "I'm goin' past it. Jump in." He opened the door of one of the station wagons. We drove along a narrow, dreary street. One side was lined with camouflaged warehouses, and stretching steeply upward on the other was a drab little town of cobbled streets and gray houses.

We stopped at a ramshackle, three-story stucco building with "City Hotel" in peeling gilt on the glass transom over the door. "Here you are," the driver said. "That's the Ritz of this burg." As I started up the sagging steps, he called, "They say they're bitin', but don't worry! Lot more Americans there!" Consoled by that, I maneuvered my suitcase through a dark corridor, past a hall rack and an aspidistra, to a tiny office in which I found a hunchbacked dwarf of a man and a fat man who sat eating an apple in front of a stove. "'Nother American, Skipper," the little man called to the fat man as soon as I appeared at the door. The fat man, who was obviously either the manager of the place or the clerk and whose back was to me, didn't turn around, but over his shoulder he announced in one breath, "Cost you twelve-and-six with breakfast. No ladies after ten o'clock. Fix your own blackout. Watch your own valuables." After I had agreed to the terms he pulled a crumpled slip of paper from a waistcoat pocket and squinted at it for several seconds. "Show him 39, Jeb," he said to the little man, and then, turning to me abruptly, added, "Pub shuts at ten."

The hunchback led me to a dismal bedroom containing an iron bed, a washstand, a hatrack, and two broken chairs. A frayed strip of green carpet with curling ends lay at one side of the bed, and on the wall was tacked a large poster headed, "What to Do in a Gas Attack." "Where's the air-raid shelter?" I asked. "In the cellar, sir," he said, "but most of them don't use it. It's below water level and it's sommat damp."

I WENT down to the hotel pub, which, unlike my room, was warm and comfortable. There were two entrances, one from the hotel corridor and another from the street. The floor was strewn with sawdust and there were rough wooden benches around the walls. I ordered a Scotch-and-soda. "No Scotch," said the bartender, "only Irish, and you'll have to take it with water." He held a finger-spotted glass up to the light to see if it was too dirty to use again. "Scotch getting scarce?" I asked. "Naw," he replied, "it's just that the Yanks never heard of Irish till they'd drunk up all our Scotch. And say, maybe you could tell me. What's this bourbon they keep asking for?"

Two men who were obviously Americans entered from the street. Both were



"Private Hashihara! Haven't you forgotten something?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wearing stiff new khaki trousers, loud lumberjack shirts, long-visored caps, and new shoes. "A coupla beers, Mac," one said to the bartender. He drew two pint glasses of mild-and-bitter and sloshed them, full and dripping, on the bar in front of the men. "Keerist, what muck!" the younger of the Americans shouted as he tasted the brew. "Think the war'll last long enough for us to get used to this stuff?" "Say, listen, brother," the other replied, "the British ain't payin' you a hundred smackers a week to like their beer. They wouldn't give a damn if you never touched a drop of it."

Two girls came in. They looked about fourteen or fifteen. They walked up to the Americans. "Hullo," one of them said. "You from the States?" She pronounced it "stytes." Both girls were barelegged and not particularly clean or well combed. One, wearing a jersey skirt and a cheap tweed jacket, had the sooty blue eyes and dark hair that are found only among Irish girls and was pretty in a brassy way. The other girl was a more angular, British type with straight straw hair. She wore a faded jumper and tweed skirt, the ensemble seemingly held together by a single safety pin. The American workmen looked at one another and laughed. "What'll you have, kiddies—a Coca-Cola?" one of them asked. "Small Irish-'n'-water," both replied simultaneously. When the drinks were put on the bar, each girl added an amount of water equal to the jigger of whiskey in her glass, said "Cheers," and downed it with the unconcern of a professional. The workmen were plainly impressed.

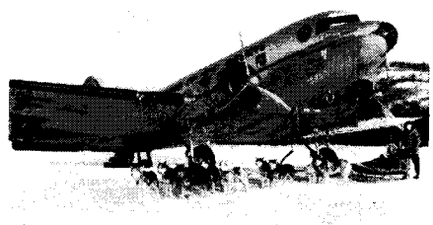
"My name's Sheila. What's yours?" one girl asked, casually moving closer to the younger of the men. "Larry," he replied. "What's his?" she continued, nodding at his companion. "John," he said. Larry was a large, hardy-looking man of about thirty-five; his drawl sounded Texan. John was dark and heavy-set, with an Eastern big-city accent. They bought more drinks and sat down in a corner with the girls. "You puttin' up here?" Sheila asked, and added knowingly, "Lots of Yanks are. It shuts at ten, though." When the men said they were living at a barracks on the far side of town, both girls looked disappointed, but they soon appeared to reconcile themselves to the facts, in the manner of good salesmen who regard a contact as the next best thing to an order.

AS the afternoon went on, the pub filled up. Three men in Free French Army uniforms came in, talking

Let's Hit the Trail Together

GOOD NEIGHBOUR!

CANADA extends a white welcome to every winter sports lover (and who isn't?) Come on over this year and break a fresh new trail on powdery northern snows.

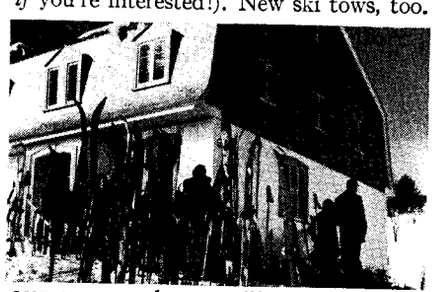


YOUR 'PLANE will be met by a dog team . . . your train by a sleigh piled with buffalo robes. Come in your city finery or just in your ski togs, all ready to go places.

THERE'S A NEW trail this year that's a honey, with a natural ski bowl just over the ridge where you'll want to play all day. And nearby is a *swell* spot for lunch.

THEN THERE'S that long run into the valley, where you can show off the new tempo turn you learned at the ski school last year (the snow's nice and soft for falling, *if* you're interested!). New ski tows, too.

ON THE WAY home you may meet these four priests coming over the Big Hill . . . just to prove that *everybody's* skiing these days. Be sure to bring young Peter and Sue . . . it's never too early to start.



AND HERE'S where you'll stay. The meals are *something*, and so is the big stone fireplace, where you and your new-found pals can get together for dancing and whoopee . . . and plan another fun-packed day.

TRACK! CROSS COUNTRY? HILLER-DILLERS? OR GENTLE NURSERY SLOPES?

Take your choice of Canada's vast ski terrain! Novice or past-master, you'll have the time of your life. Ski-wise instructors . . . lots of tows . . . endless miles of deep, smooth snow. And everywhere you go, the "welcome" sign is out for you.

Write for interesting Ski Booklet
Address Dept. T—20
EATON'S OF CANADA
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

EATON'S OF CANADA

The Nation-wide Organization with Department Stores in the Leading Canadian Cities

WRITE FOR THIS ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET:—
"GOOD NEIGHBOUR SKI TIPS ON CANADA"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ardent French. They were followed by two Polish Army officers looking more dandified than military in square-topped caps and skinny boots. The Poles were evidently steady customers, because, without a word from either, the bartender poured six Irish whiskeys into six small glasses and placed them in a row on the bar. One Pole flicked a pound note across the bar and accepted his change without counting it. Then the two men threw back their shoulders, faced one another, and tossed off the six drinks with mechanical precision. As the third pair of glasses touched the bar with a single clink, the Poles did a military right-face and walked out of the pub. More Americans arrived, then several English soldiers. The various groups kept to themselves and conversation was all low-pitched except when some Americans greeted one another or passed Camel cigarettes around to everyone present. Even British reserve broke down in the face of a Camel.

The street door opened several inches and a very black bare foot was inserted. It was followed by a skinny urchin of about ten who looked around nervously, then slipped into the pub. Suddenly he began to sing in a clear soprano voice. The song was "Sierra Sue." When he reached the high notes, his pigeon chest seemed to quiver. At the end of his song he went up to each drinker with the woebegone look of a well-trained beggar. Passing the girls with the Americans, he said in an accusing voice, "Maw said you was to do the hall tonight." "Go 'long, you little bastard!" Sheila replied, and struck at him. "He your brother?" one of the Americans asked. "Not likely," she replied. "We just work for the same maw."

OUTSIDE, as early twilight settled, a procession of new Ford and Chevrolet trucks, painted a dull gray and piled high with crates, bags of cement, steel girders, and all kinds of material, was moving swiftly and quietly along the street. There was a nonchalant American air about the drivers, who frequently shouted to one another out of their cabs. An occasional automobile or station wagon in the procession stopped at the hotel to drop off a man in high boots and a tan Stetson. Some of the men stood around outside the hotel and greeted one another with queries about newly arrived equipment and the progress of work at various locations. It was a typical boom-town scene, to which a warlike touch was added by the searchlights that were beginning to prod the sky and the men on the sidewalks in the service uniforms of Great Britain, Free France, Poland, Holland, and Czecho-Slovakia.

Having heard that the American construction boss in charge of this base-building project kept long office hours, I decided to call on him. Even at twilight his office, in a converted warehouse, was crowded with men, most of whom had

very recently arrived and couldn't find their luggage and tools. Some of the men, I soon learned, were merely waiting to ask whether they could take a weekend off and go to London. The boss, a tall, gray-haired man in a tweed suit, looked harassed, but he seemed to enjoy talking about the Lease-Lend Army and its work. He implied that the initial impact of the Americans on the Northern Irish was somewhat upsetting. The native population had not been forewarned and at first was inclined to regard the arrival of the Americans as something like an invasion, or at least an occupation. Relations were not improved when the Americans profaned the Sabbath by unloading ships and playing baseball. Hundreds of rough-and-ready workmen more adept at handling steam shovels and riveting hammers than saying the tactful word were not the best diplomats, and, to make matters worse, the first groups arrived ahead of their equipment and had practically nothing to do for a while. During their idle moments they had indulged in a bit of hell-raising and had even shown the British sailors in town a few new tricks. The only serious incident occurred when four Americans borrowed a parked car and wrecked it. They were turned over to British justice, which, with almost incredible restraint, fined each man one pound and a fourth of the cost of repairing the car.

Soon afterward the equipment arrived. The men got down to work and things started to move at a speed surprising even to the contractors. To the Irish it was astounding. Crowds began to gather daily to watch hills disappearing beneath the crunch of steam shovels and bulldozers. The perfect synchronization with which one of a string of trucks was placed in position just before the steel jaws of a steam shovel disgorged mystified them, and old men stood with watches in hand to time the operation. Work on such a mammoth scale was beyond their pick-and-shovel experience. Local laborers, hired by the hundred, found that the American bosses worked hard and expected everyone else to do the same. There is a story going the rounds about an Irish workman who was fired. When he asked why, the Yank in charge of the job produced a photograph of a man sitting on a wheelbarrow reading a newspaper. "That you, buddy?" he asked. The Irishman agreed that it was. "It's workers we want here, pal," the American said.

When it was decided to send several thousand American civilians to work in Ireland, there was a great desire to keep the whole thing secret. The men were to pretend they were leaving home on vacations and, except for their families, no one was supposed to know where they were going. The British, who thought that the achievement of getting American workmen to build bases for Great Britain deserved publicity, finally let the secret out in casual remarks in the newspapers about "thousands of U.S. technicians and workmen building an important Lease and Lend base in Northern Ireland." Then an American workman was photographed sitting on his bulldozer "somewhere in Great Britain" and the picture ran in several American papers. The desire for secrecy is no longer so strong, but the workmen are nevertheless still expected to remain anonymous. Unfortunately for the proponents of secrecy, the projects are so vast that they can't be hidden any more than the construction of the Panama Canal could be.

The Lease-Lend Army functions as an almost entirely independent unit and is self-supporting in every respect. It brought its own trucks, steam shovels, bulldozers, steam rollers, dredgers, cranes, office equipment, cement, steel, tools, nails, clothes, radios, checkerboards, and dominoes. It also brought its own food, which is served in the Army's own mess halls. Every essential, down to cigarettes and peanuts, has been stocked by the commissary department and can be bought at wholesale prices. Even Coca-Cola dispensing machines have been provided, though they are not yet in operation because there are no nickels in Northern Ireland and the consignment of slugs to use in the machines was sunk.

INVITED to supper at the British military barracks which has been turned over to the American workmen, I had roast pork, baked potatoes, cabbage, baked beans, apple dumpling, and coffee. The men sat at long tables in the messroom and the food was served

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I no longer miss my French Cognac... I drink Christian Brothers'!"

A GREAT AMERICAN Brandy OF OLD-WORLD QUALITY

Experts Rank it With The Foremost French Cognacs

FROM THE MONASTERY OF THE Christian Brothers

NAPA, CALIFORNIA

Picker-Linz Importers, Inc., N. Y. C. Sole U. S. Selling Agent

AT LEADING DEALERS

4/5 QUART 4/5 PINT 1/2 PINT

Also available at Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants

AT NO COST TO YOU—

If you are seeking an East Side apartment, a private house—a country place on Long Island, furnished or unfurnished—consult one of our experts. Our lists are complete, our service free, and you pay no more if you deal through us.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

15 East 49th Street PLaza 3-9200

La Crémaillère

RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS

24 East 62nd St.

extend

Greetings of the Season

to their many patrons who contribute to its success

Antoine and Staff

POLAND LIVES ON !

at

The Polish Restaurant

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • DANCING

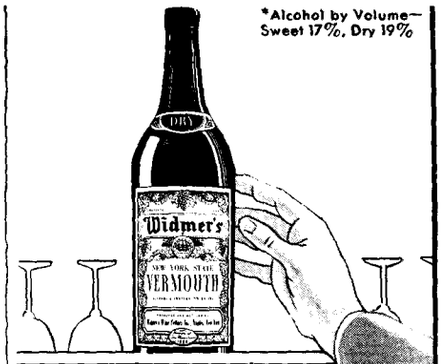
151 EAST 57th ST. PLa. 3-2816

boarding-house style, with large dishes and platters of food on the table and each man helping himself. The men, I was told, had a tendency to group by professions; truck-drivers sat together in one part of the room and engineers in another. The bulldozers and riveters herded by themselves, too. Most of the men wore khaki trousers and lumberjack shirts; some were in blue dungarees. They came, I learned, from all sections of the United States and their average age seemed to be about thirty. The men had obviously begun to feel very much a part of the Allied war effort, and several had already become so Anglicized that they were sprinkling their conversation with "righto" and "bloody."

For recreation, the men are provided with outdoor sports and, at their barracks, a gymnasium and social rooms where they can play checkers and darts in an atmosphere reminiscent of the Salvation Army huts of the last war. A movie projector has been installed in the gymnasium and American and British films are shown each night after supper. In addition, there are the pubs and weekend dances at one or another of the three town dance halls. A contractor from Jersey City said that the morale was better than he had ever seen it on a construction job at home. He attributed it to the overtime pay; most of the men were working up to twelve hours a day. Master mechanics, he told me, were earning a hundred and fifty dollars a week.

SATURDAY night, everyone said, was the big night, and I was advised to stick around for the dance that evening, which I did. I had no trouble finding my way through the blackout to the hall, because all movement was in its direction and considerable noise was coming from it. A British sergeant looked me over carefully at the entrance and warned, "No drinking," before taking my two shillings and admitting me. Inside a large, bare room, a British Army orchestra was playing a song called "London Girl" and practically drowning itself out by beating time with hobnailed boots. Around the wall, at about thirty-foot intervals, stood strapping Northern Irish policemen with revolvers in their open holsters. Several hundred soldiers, sailors, Marines, and civilians of various nationalities stood in groups or strolled around the room. The girls, many of them children and all barelegged and cheaply made up, danced together with little skipping steps and kept glancing hopefully over at the

*Alcohol by Volume—Sweet 17%, Dry 19%



Prescription for good MIXING

The Vermouth you use can make or break your cocktails. Play safe. Do your mixing with Widmer's. For here are New York State Vermouths* which, like all Widmer's Wines, are nurtured with matchless skill and leisurely care to produce fine quality which fears no comparisons, however critical.

NEW YORK STATE Widmer's WINES & VERMOUTHS

FROM THE NAPLES VALLEY • LAKE CANANDAIGUA DISTRICT

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC. • NAPLES, N. Y.

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A JOY TO THE PALATE

The finest Sea Food, Steaks, and Chops in town

A TREAT FOR THE EYE

Furnishings reminiscent of the "Gay '90s"

374 Fulton Street Brooklyn

Cool, Soothing AFTER-SHAVE

● Stimulating, refreshing as a sea breeze, Aqua Velva leaves your face feeling softer and smoother. Try it —you'll enjoy it! For a generous trial bottle, write to Aqua Velva, Dept. AA-30, Glastonbury, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

• Give tonight's dinner a happy ending. Serve creamy, tangy Military Brand Camembert for dessert. Order it when you're at a hotel or restaurant!

It's grand—one of Borden's fine cheeses! Comes in individual portions, and in large cakes.

MILITARY BRAND
CAMEMBERT
CHEESE

For years America's 4-to-1 favorite over imported Camembert. ©T.B.C.

men. Occasionally a soldier or sailor saw a girl he fancied and grabbed her as she skipped past. There were no introductions or requests for a dance and practically no talking between the dancing couples. At the end of each dance the men simply left the girls, who clustered in the centre of the room until the music started up again.

The room became hot and smoky. Four gigantic French sailors with good voices squatted on the floor in front of the orchestra and sang innumerable verses to "Valentine." Americans stood in groups smoking and laughing. The orchestra crashed into "Tiger Rag" with more noise than harmony. A few British sailors broke out in exaggerated trucking. As though at a signal, the Poles, Czechs, French, Dutch, Irish, and Americans followed, each dancing in his own national style. The Poles whirled and stomped, the French did a combination of gliding and jigging, bland-faced Dutch sailors danced solemnly together, and Irish soldiers jigged. Occasionally an American walked out in front of his own group and did an awkward little solo while his comrades shouted encouragement. This free-for-all was obviously the traditional climax of the evening, and the girls moved off the floor to watch. The orchestra played on and on, and the hall trembled from the impact of boots as the men let themselves go. The stag dancing continued until the men were danced out. Then they returned, laughing, to the girls. As I left, couples were beginning to pair off and slip away into the blackout.

SUNDAY morning, the town was absolutely quiet. Not even a church bell rang. As I walked across the station square to catch the noon train to Dublin, I passed three American workmen in tan trousers and lumberjack shirts sitting on a bench with their hats far back on their heads. They were whittling, chewing tobacco, and watching the trains go by. —WILLIAM BAYLES

•

School Committeeman Lee said: "We've had a grand American election. Blows have been given and taken. I've had a terrific licking.

"The thing to do, as far as I benefit of Boston, as well as we am concerned, is to work for the all of those who have worked so can—all of us. I want to thank hard for me and with me."—*Boston American.*

You're tired, Mr. Lee, from the strain you've been under.

"The finest production of 'Macbeth' in the modern American theatre." —*WATTS, Herald Tribune*

MAURICE EVANS and JUDITH ANDERSON
in Shakespeare's
MACBETH
Directed by Margaret Webster
NATIONAL Thea., W. 41 St. Evgs. 8:30
Holiday Mats. Dec. 26, 27, 31 and Jan. 2 and 3 at 2:30

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON Theatre, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. at 2:40
Holiday Mats.: Dec. 25, 27, Jan. 1 & 3

MOTION PICTURES

At Last it's on the Screen
HELLZAPOPPIN
Ole OLSEN Chic JOHNSON Martha RAYE
United Artists RIVOLI Broadway at 49th St.
Continuous Perf. Pop. Prices. Midnight Shows

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"H. M. PULHAM, Esq."
An M-G-M Picture with
HEDY LAMARR • ROBERT YOUNG • RUTH HUSSEY
With the Music Hall's
GREAT HOLIDAY STAGE SHOW
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved Circle 6-4600

ALL NEW! A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
Johnny WEISSMULLER • Maureen O'SULLIVAN
Capitol
"TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE"
B'way & 51st Street

Your Gift Will Open New Vistas to
BLIND CHILDREN

Gifts of New and Used
RADIOS • RECORDS
TOYS AND GAMES
THEATRE TICKETS
PIANOS
CLOTHING
Will be gratefully received and will help us brighten the lives of blind children

Call
THE NEW YORK INSTITUTE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND
999 Pelham Parkway, Bronx
Olinville 2-0900

EVER NEED A CHAUFFEUR
for an hour or a day? For shopping, Driving, Theatres—then call CHAUFET!
Uniformed chauffeurs to drive *your* car, 75c hourly. Prompt, reliable service.
Also, beautiful limousines with chauffeur, $2.50 hourly or 12c per mile.
Fully insured; 24-hour service.
CHAUFET, Inc. 551 5th Ave. VA. 6-3650

EDDY DUCHIN
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
TITO GUIZAR
SONGS AT SUPPER
GEORGES & JALNA
DINNER AND SUPPER
★
IN THE NEW, INFORMAL
Wedgwood Room
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
Cover Charge from 10:30, $1
Saturday, $1.50

CASA BLANCA
MONTEGO BAY
Warm sunshine every day, *all* winter. Am. plan $5 up. Restricted. Folder from travel agent or Jamaica office, 580 5th Ave., N.Y. (LA 4-1800) or write R. L. Ewen, Mgr.
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Quiet Christmas!

WORD leaks through from the Coast that the Industry is facing our new world, and already the cameras are grinding out dramas of Pearl Harbor and Wake Island. Veronica Lake, I have no doubt, is climbing in and out of prop bomber planes at this very minute. In a jiffy that eventful day in the Pacific will be a background for movie drama. I myself rather dread the products of this zeal for timeliness, and I can foresee a sad series of hastily made and perfunctory pictures. Abbott and Costello may all at once turn heroic; Tyrone Power may suddenly be before us as an ace who destroys half the enemy fleet while, at the same time, he sustains a romance with a missionary's beautiful daughter; heiresses, except for a few who will be wicked spies with a mikado or two in tow, will open their jade-filled beach houses to the sick and wounded. Meanwhile it has been pathetic that the movie houses have had nothing more relevant for us in their offerings than such films as another "Tarzan" and a "Hellz-a-Poppin." I suppose these pictures, however, help us "forget."

Olsen and Johnson's "Hellz-a-Poppin" may make us forget even Christmas by stunning us with mere racket. It is certainly the noisiest film of the season, if not of many seasons, and not for an instant do its various performers calm down. No air-raid alarm could be more than a tinkle in any theatre where this is being shown. The Messrs. Olsen and Johnson themselves are not naturally subdued characters, and that strenuous Martha Raye is allowed free scope. Once in a while Hugh Herbert emits a squeak, and Mischa Auer a sputter, and all of the show is just a plain, simple hullabaloo. The chaos is funny at times, and anyhow agreeably nerve-shattering, much in the manner and mood of the original stage production.

TO make us forget the present by reminding us of the past is the tenor of "Remember the Day," a new Claudette Colbert film, one which might seem, however, more in Martha Scott's line. We meet our heroine as a schoolteacher well on in years who has come to a banquet being tendered a former pupil, now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Miss Colbert bravely wears spectacles and walks with a stoop, but only for a short time. Soon enough we are swung back to the early days, when the candidate was just a schoolroom problem and she herself was a beautiful young teacher, in love with the gym director. The rockers rock on boarding-house porches and the lovers play croquet, and there is a rather sad revival of life before the last war. The adored gym director (John Payne) goes to the war and is killed, and the charming teacher plods on with her job until at last her long professional loyalty is rewarded by recognition on the part of the candidate we have mentioned, a sort of Willkie type.

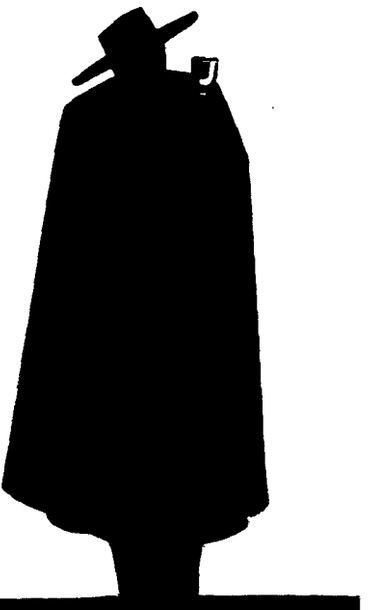
"TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE," the treasure being gold in the hills, in case you are wondering, shows again the happy Tarzan family, with its pets, in the treetops. Along comes a scientific expedition, including villains rampant with greed for that gold, and along come, too, hordes of hostile natives. Tarzan still swims, and there is a fine climax, with crocodiles, in which he swims underwater and overturns a covey of enemy canoes, one after another. . . . "Confirm or Deny" presents Joan Bennett as a typist and Don Ameche as a newspaperman busy in London during the height of the blitz season. Mr. Ameche has never been so assertive or so jocose. Bombs seem just toys to him. . . . "Among the Living" belongs to the curious class of horror films, its story dealing with two brothers, one of whom is a homicidal maniac, the other a nicely married and prosperous citizen. Albert Dekker, shaved when sane, unshaved when mad, plays both brothers and in the lunatic moments may easily give the willies to susceptible spectators. . . . Desert sands, secret caverns, camels, planes overhead, an Italian prisoner of war, a Dutch villain, British officers (Bruce Cabot and company), and a beautiful mystery woman (Gene Tierney) compose a film of the Empire's war in the Somali-Abyssinian border country, called, for no particular reason, "Sundown."

—JOHN MOSHER

•

WANTED: Information where one may obtain a human corpse in reasonable condition. Call Eliot 2128.—*Adv. in the Harvard Crimson.*

Well, don't look at us.



The SANDEMAN "DON" brings you unforgettable *Old World Bottlings*

Do you prefer ruby, tawny or white Port . . . dry Sherry, medium or rich? Whatever your taste—enjoy the extra bouquet and flavour of an original Old World bottling . . . a Sandeman Port from Portugal, or Sherry from Spain.

Famous since 1790, these bottlings are symbolized by the Sandeman Don . . . infallible guide to the best in Ports and Sherries. He has a bottling for every taste, every purse.

DRY DON SHERRY. A delicious golden Amontillado. Recommended for serving slightly chilled.

DRY DON PORT. A medium dry Tawny Port, deliciously nutty in flavour, enjoyable at all times.

SANDEMAN

IMPORTED · ESTABLISHED 1790

Ports Sherries

FROM PORTUGAL 19% to 21% Alcohol by vol.

FROM SPAIN 18% to 20% Alcohol by vol.

IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S NOT THE SAME ANY MORE

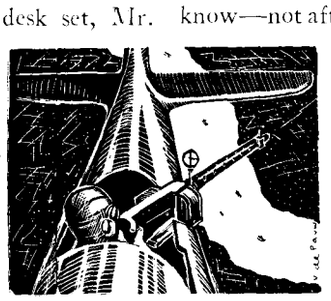
ON the day before Christmas the buying staff of Lambert & Kurman's, Exclusive Retail Fashions, congregated for a drink after closing time. It was an annual occasion; the tradition had endured chiefly because, at five-thirty on Christmas Eve, everyone was too weary to defy convention and too exhausted to travel home unfortified.

On such occasions, Mr. Osterhouse liked to talk about the good old days of merchandising and the younger buying staff liked to listen. He even made them believe that the good old days actually had been good.

Mr. Osterhouse was in corsets. He had shaped the customers of Lambert & Kurman's from hourglass figures, through cardboard flatness, to uplift, and had now accommodated himself to providing featherweight rubber girdles packaged in small silver-paper tubes. These fluctuations were no more to him than a changing chassis to an auto salesman. He reserved his wistfulness for the shape of events. Perhaps this is why he had survived the changing styles in buyers. Mr. Osterhouse had made two protests against his lifework. His own middle bulged unimpeded and he had never married.

Though it was understood that the management frowned on the staff's accepting presents from manufacturers, a neat array of gifts always stood on the buyers' desks on Christmas Eve. This year, Miss Patterson's prize was a crocodile desk set, and Mr. Bloomfield, in clocks, actually had ten bottles of liquor and a wallet.

"Have you seen my desk set, Mr. Osterhouse?" Miss Patterson called as he came into the room. "I'm just going to pack it up." Miss Patterson flashed her eyes at him. It meant nothing; Miss Patterson, who dressed and talked in a manner which laid claim to masculine efficiency, always flashed her eyes in order to disclaim it.



"Very nice, my dear," Mr. Osterhouse said. It occurred to him that Miss Patterson wore Model BX324 Fashion Snug, whereas QV459 Neva Rub would have suited her figure better. "Very nice indeed, as things are nowadays." Mr. Osterhouse sighed. "I can remember when presents were presents."

Mr. Bloomfield laughed ruefully. "I'll bet I'd have gotten a couple of cases of liquor in those days, wouldn't I?"

"Cases of liquor?" said Mr. Osterhouse. "You think that's a present? Why, I distinctly remember when Jake Fillmeyer of Oran & Oran sent me a deed to a piece of property in New Jersey. I returned it, of course, very next day. Even so, you can see how things were."

The younger buyers nodded sadly. Miss Kane, who was only an assistant and still wore frothy dresses and sometimes forgot to clip her words, came over and filled Mr. Osterhouse's glass. "Did people ever take expensive presents like that?" she asked.

"Sometimes," he said. "You had to know your man. Don't suppose any of you remember Ada Samson, do you?"

"Sure," one of the older men said. "I do."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Mattler." Mr. Osterhouse smiled at him. "Then you remember what a wonderful woman she was."

Mr. Mattler remembered only that bosomy Miss Samson, a lady buyer of the old school, wore a size-44 dress, but he said, "Yes, indeed. Fine woman, Miss Samson."

"They don't come like that nowadays," Mr. Osterhouse said. "When I started here as a young fellow she took me under her wing, taught me the ropes. I couldn't have gotten on without her. Ada began as a stock clerk when she was seventeen and worked right through to her sixtieth birthday. That was in '27. She was women's-dress buyer then. Never missed a day of work as far as I know—not after I came here, anyhow." He looked significantly at Miss Kane, who had been out three days the week before. "Her father was in the retail business too—lamps. Ada Samson's biggest line was Cranley sixteen-seventy-fives. Old man Cranley thought there wasn't anyone in the business like Ada. I guess he was right."

MR. OSTERHOUSE settled back behind his expansive stomach, and the others knew that he was entrenched in the past. "Ada and her father lived in a house out in Flushing, and after he died, Ada went on living there. I guess it must have been lonely for her," he said, as though the idea had just occurred to him.

"When it got to be time for Ada to retire, Cranley was pretty nervous. 'I sure hope the new buyer knows good value when she sees it, William,' he said to me. Well, he needn't have worried. Ada trained her assistant to take over and run the department the same way she had. Trained her to buy Cranleys every time she could. Old man Cranley appreciated it, too, you can believe me. 'I want to do something handsome for Ada, William,' he used to say, but he never told me what it was.

"Ada's last day on the job, right after her sixtieth birthday, she invited Cranley and me to her house for dinner. Cranley turned up with flowers and a couple of bottles of wine. When Ada thanked him, he kept saying it was nothing, he had a real surprise for her later. But he wouldn't say what it was.

"Then we had dinner." Mr. Osterhouse inhaled with reminiscent pleasure. "Fried chicken and sweet potatoes," he said. "We drank a good deal of wine, too. Along around the lemon-meringue pie, Cranley and Ada started talking about the old days. I wasn't much help to them there, because I was pretty much of a newcomer myself then. We all have to go through that," he added consolingly.

"Ada had more to drink than she was used to, I guess. She began to talk about how old she was and that there wasn't anything left for her but to die. I told her that was foolish, she had years yet, and old Cranley patted her hand and said not to worry, all that would be taken care of.

"Then they got to talking about her old man. Cranley had known him even before he knew Ada. 'A wonderful old fellow he was,' Mr. Cranley said to me. 'You never knew Mr. Samson, did you, William?' I never did, as a matter of fact."

Mr. Osterhouse paused. Across the room someone had spilled a cocktail, and there was a little commotion as the damage was repaired. Mr. Osterhouse waited patiently for silence. Then he went on.

"'Ada,' Mr. Cranley said finally, 'your father was a wonderful old man, and I'd be glad to pay my respects to him. How would you like it if after dinner we went to visit his grave?'

"Frankly, it didn't seem like a good idea to me; Ada was crying already. But I couldn't change their minds. So after dinner we piled into Cranley's car and drove over to the cemetery. Luckily it was in Queens, because by then they would have gone even if it had been in Pennsylvania. Ada kept

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Good Neighbor Lands Beneath the Southern Cross
BRAZIL
URUGUAY
ARGENTINA

Consult Your Travel Agent or
MOORE-McCORMACK Lines
5 BROADWAY NEW YORK

saying how wonderful Cranley was to her and how she only wished her father could be there to see how they respected his memory.

"When we got to the cemetery I let them walk ahead, because I felt as though I was butting in, being there at all. They were walking along like a couple of kids, hand in hand. Finally Ada Samson said, 'It's the next plot.' A minute after that she stopped dead in her tracks. 'I don't understand it,' she said. 'I'm sure this ought to be our plot, but I must be lost. Ours is only a grave with a headstone.'

"We were standing next to a beautiful little mausoleum with a stained-glass window and all. I looked at it and, sure enough, it had 'SAMSON' carved over the doorway. 'It says "Samson," ' I told her. Then Cranley spoke up. 'It's yours, Ada,' he said. 'It's for you and the old man. Just a little surprise I thought up for you. I told you I'd take care of you, Ada.'

"It was beautiful to see," Mr. Osterhouse added.

For a moment no one spoke. Then Miss Kane tittered.

"Quite a delicate attention," Mr. Bloomfield said. Miss Patterson gulped her drink. Everyone began talking at once.

Mr. Osterhouse's voice, demanding attention, rose above the clamor. "Presents were presents in those days," he said. "Things aren't the same any more." —ELINOR RICE

•

Juzwik, a straw-haired, red-faced 185 pounder, standing only 8 feet 5½ inches, is a smashing, hard running back who played no small part in Notre Dame's success this year.—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin.*

Game little runt.

•

BULLDOG lost last evening at Orange and James st.: 1 white eye and white on neck and front paw—red nail polish on nails. Reward. 48 Broad st.; HU 3-2852.—*Adv. in the Newark Evening News.*

Probably isn't lost—just hung over somewhere.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT
(COLD CEREAL DIVISION)

[*From "The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin*]

His heart melted, his breast was filled with a white fire, an unsupportable pain. Her hurt plucked at the chords of his soul. He hesitated, his gaze averted. His voice was low.

"Have you had breakfast?"

RACING at Tropical Park
DECEMBER 20—JANUARY 13
Spring Meeting March 9—April 11
Thrills and excitement in a delightful country-club setting under a warm, tropical sun.

GABLES RACING ASSN., INC., CORAL GABLES, FLA.

Rolls-Royce Town Car
at an Exceptionally Low Price
This smart town car has been driven only 28,000 miles and has had the meticulous care of an expert chauffeur. The body was custom built by Brewster; the upholstery and interior fittings were personally selected by one of America's most prominent women, and are in perfect condition. Original cost was $18,000. Asking price for quick sale, $1,500.
Phone Miss Hepburn, PLaza 3-3410

"JIMMY" of 53 EAST 54 ST. and JOE FERNANDEZ of Mon Paris Present
A Smart New Room Decorated by VERNON McFARLANE with
DICK WILSON and his Orchestra and The Royal Lukewela Hawaiians
Entertainment at the Piano by THE NORDSTROM SISTERS
New Year's Eve Reservations
$7.50 per person
Jimmy Savini is your host at Cocktails, Dinner, Supper

Café Bagatelle
106 EAST 52ND ST.
ELdorado 5-9246

COOK'S IMPERIAL
the finest AMERICAN champagne
AMERICAN WINE COMPANY ✱ ST. LOUIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESTAURANTS

Rooms with Meals

IF I were doing the cooking in a lot of the first-rate hotels in town, I'd be in the dumps by now as a result of the current emphasis on professional entertainment. After some checking up, however, I'm gratified to be able to report that the kitchen staffs are apparently made of sterner stuff and are ably carrying on through all the theatricals. The steady clients care as much about good food as they ever did and the chefs seem to know it, so if you ever liked this hotel or that for its cooking, you're reasonably safe in assuming you still will. I don't pretend to have got around to all my old favorites, but here's a fairly good list, and you can fill in the gaps yourself.

The Plaza is hitting on all cylinders, which delights devotees who feared, a few years back, that the dear place was growing senile. Of course, needling it with the Persian Room helped, but the rest of the rooms have stood pat and prospered too, and this year even the tea alley is as fluttery around five o'clock as it used to be. The Plaza's food is as varied as the rooms you eat it in. (I'm faithful to the Oak Room, myself; not allowing a female nose inside the door until after the market closes is just one of its anachronistic charms for me.) You can start on papaya juice or health custard, if you go in for such things, but Cape Cods, Cotuits, and cherrystones are on hand, too. *Julienne aux pluches* is balanced by old-fashioned lamb broth, grilled pompano *Francillon* by whitebait and oyster crabs with black pepper, terrapin (any way you can imagine) by a fine minute steak or a thick English lamb chop. Vegetables of the humbler sort are made to sound interesting enough to eat—oyster plant *fines herbes*, parsnips *poulette*, and red cabbage *flamande*, for instance. The American Brie is excellent (always was, here); there's every dessert, from Cranshaw melon to hazelnut *bavaroise*; and the wine list is still something.

The Gotham gives you the choice of two rooms—the tavernish one downstairs and the main dining room, which, for some reason that evades me, feels a little like a family-hotel dining room with none of the usual horrors. I was interested in a faint but unmistakable South American influence on the menu. For one thing, they take Brazil *maté* for granted as a beverage, something I'd wanted to try ever since somebody told me that it and beef together have all the vitamins necessary to make a balanced diet. I found it fine even without beef. If you drink your first course (and are off *maté*), you may like their way of serving papaya juice with lime; if you eat it, try the eggs *vinaigrette*, which are really *vinaigrette* for a change. Curried turkey livers are good with an omelet or rice or a green salad; for the robust, there's grilled striped bass with eggplant and Canadian bacon, steak-and-kidney pie, and broiled Jersey pork chop with baked apple, currant jelly, and sweet potatoes. The lima beans *péruvienne* will have you housewives serving limas with fresh tomatoes at home, and you'll be glad to meet Switzerland Swiss cheese again, though you may be sidetracked by Cheddar with brandy.

The Cotillion Room at the Pierre is likely to make your eyes bulge. It's almost too much, what with shiny service wagons rolling about and all those Negro flunkies in knee breeches. I'd suggest sitting sideways to the murals, which are nice enough but rather insistent. Simple things like smoked salmon and mallard duck with wild rice are perfectly good, but since the menu is as florid as the trimmings, perhaps you should try something more fancy. Pheasant *poêlé au genièvre*, touched up with juniper berries and Calvados, might be it, or a *risotto* of lobster which reaches the heights when served with olive oil, brandy, and a pinch of curry. People who like to play with fire should love this room; meats, fruits, and desserts get one sort of alcohol or another and a lighted match.

RUNNING over a few of the old standbys, I find the Madison has knocked down a wall or two to make one big room around a grand piano. There are plenty of good staples on the menu—like fried silver smelts or boneless jumbo squab, or, at suppertime, some such dish as cold roast turkey *à la gelée*—and the chef, who really knows his business, will probably jump at the chance to dish up more exciting things if you say the word. You may miss the circusy red bar at first, but you'll get over it; people at the Sunday "bracer breakfasts" look anything but perturbed by the dance floor which has taken its place.

At the St. Regis, there's the fairly new Maisonette downstairs, but the Iridium Room is much as it's always been, which is all right with everybody. They have Chincoteagues from Virginia here, and, for those who avoid bivalves, melon with some sort of fancy ham. You may lunch on a folksy dish like country sausage *fines herbes* with a *purée* of celery, but at dinner that glossy Iridium Room will probably incline you toward something like châteaubriant, which the menu lists with sinister dots after it instead of a price. Desserts include *soufflé aux macarons*, *macédoine* of fruits with kirsch, and an odd-sounding dish I mean to try next time called *granite fine champagne*.

The Carlyle goes on serving good food in rooms that strike you as comfortable and rather elegant every time you see them. People who find breakfast rolls and marmalade normal on Sunday afternoon like the establishment's brunch—all but the name, which, I suppose, can't be helped. The menu does a good job of leading you at such times from fruit juices and baked apples to baked farm sausage on griddle cakes, for instance, or shirred eggs with tomato. At dinner, they really show off with two kinds of *marmite* (their own and Henry IV's), a pretty rich fillet of sole *gratiné bonne femme*, sensible roast beef with horseradish, and desserts that go all the way from rice pudding *à l'anglaise* to *meringue Chantilly*.

I also find myself wandering back to the Ritz, mostly downstairs, where there usually seems to be more going on. The menu is always well put together, from the oysters (Gardiner Bay and Sea Cross and all the rest), through soups like cream of watercress and gumbo Creole, to fish cakes with bacon and tomato sauce, and guinea hen with wild rice. It's continually surprising to find this hotel offering you hearty fare such as pig's feet with mashed potatoes, and thoroughly *un*surprising to have your appetite goaded by suggestions like fresh figs and pears with pineapple ice. All in all, the spread somehow convinces me that the Ritz is here to stay.—SOUBISE

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The film then becomes a delusion, something performed with mirrors, a trick by Alfred Hitchcock.—*The Post.*

Suspicion is the best example of Hitchcock's peculiar gift, for in it he's disavowed doing it with mirrors. No tricks in this one.—*PM.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL EVENTS

Ops and Orchs

AMONG the holiday specials at the Metropolitan was a newly packaged "Tosca." The offering included Miss Grace Moore, who hadn't previously sung Tosca hereabouts; fresh scenery for the first act, so arranged that the staging made more sense than usual, and a paint job on the two other sets; and an assortment of miscellaneous innovations and emendations that helped to distinguish this production from the standard model of other seasons.

If the *cantatrice* manufactured by the "Tosca" librettists were a complete portrait rather than a skillfully devised heroine for a showman's melodrama, there might be reason to analyze Miss Moore's impersonation. "Tosca" being what it is, however, it may suffice to note that she didn't catch all of the stage possibilities in the rôle, principally because her acting, technically speaking, didn't always express her apparently sound understanding of the character. Her voice was, as usual, a pleasure, except for a few moments when she drove it beyond its limits.

The presentation had the advantage of Charles Kullman as an excellent Cavaradossi, and Lawrence Tibbett's revised Scarpia, which has developed into a smoothly believable study in stage villainy. The shorter rôles were well managed, and the replacement of the contralto offstage shepherd by a boy singer was a neat idea. Michael Kreatsoulas made what I assume was his Metropolitan début as the shepherd with plenty of vocal efficiency. Ettore Panizza conducted vivaciously, and the prompter was in swell voice.

MISS LILY PONS returned to the Metropolitan for "Lakmé" and "The Daughter of the Regiment," and assisted both operas with her charm and her vocal fireworks. "Lakmé" especially needed assistance, because it's a languorous business, agreeable enough in short takes, but no stimulant as an evening's entertainment. Wilfred Pelletier drew a charming tone from the orchestra, and the singers went about their work in competent, stock-company fashion. Acting? There's nothing much to act in "Lakmé."

"The Daughter of the Regiment" went along about as it did last year, although some of the zip had gone out of the stage action. Miss Pons, in better voice than she had been for "Lakmé," supplied the singing excitement of the evening, and tossed in a deal of comedy. So did Miss Irra Petina and Salvatore Baccaloni. Frank St. Leger, who hadn't up to that time conducted a complete opera at the Metropolitan, took charge expertly.

ARTUR RODZINSKI introduced to Philharmonic-Symphony visitors a suite from Virgil Thomson's ballet, "Filling Station," which is one of the prize items in the American Ballet repertoire. Mr. Thomson's bright, sensitive, and friendly score made a welcome addition to the orchestral roster. I don't think the performance caught all of the snap of the music, though. The soloist at this concert was Miss Carroll Glenn, who played the Sibelius violin concerto in a way that established her as a big-timer.

Roy Harris's Three Pieces for Orchestra had a brilliant showing by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra at the latest Carnegie Hall session of this group. There's a touch of self-consciousness in the Pieces, but they're good, resounding music, and the listeners certainly liked them. Miss Dorothy Maynor sang airs by Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven. Her voice and vocalization were impressive. I'm not convinced, however, that anything so dramatic as "Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" from Beethoven's "Fidelio" is ideal material for Miss Maynor.

ADD to the list of local music centres the Concert Theatre (formerly the Filmarte), which started its new career with a session of light music in which Richard Korn conducted the National Orchestral Association Alumni Orchestra, an accomplished band. Mr. Korn extracted precise, well-balanced versions of the "Fledermaus" overture, the first "Peer Gynt" suite, and other selections for easy listening. He also led vigilant accompaniments for Miss Selma Kramer's animated playing of Franck's Variations Symphoniques and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia. A suite from "Porgy and Bess," with John Garth, III, contributing vocal moments, was a bit straight. Mr. Korn knows the conducting business; he only needs to get a little more fun out of any future pop programs he may assemble.—ROBERT A. SIMON

• Creamy-centered... golden-crusted Liederkranz is everybody's favorite! So serve it often. You and your guests will love it at home ... and at the better hotels and restaurants. It's one of Borden's fine cheeses!

LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

the *one* American-made cheese that's famous the world over.

© T. B. C.

WINTER OVERCOATS
$75 to $105

Sixth Floor Shop Overcoats
$42 *to* $60

ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
MADISON AVE. COR. FORTY-FOURTH ST. • NEW YORK
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

WORLD'S FINEST VERMOUTH
NUYENS
DRY VERMOUTH 97¢ SWEET VERMOUTH
Made in America
Alcoholic Content 18% by Volume
Vintage Wines, Inc., N. Y. • Sole Distributors

YEAR-ROUND SPORTS
In the Shadow of PIKES PEAK
YEAR-ROUND SUNSHINE
...to enjoy winter sports...
golf and horseback riding
BROADMOOR HOTEL
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All I Said was . . . . "There's No More SARATOGA VICHY!"

MIX YOUR HIGHBALLS WITH THIS ZESTFUL SPARKLING WATER FAMOUS SINCE 1876

★ ★ ★

it's ALKALINE for
★ Longer Sparkle
★ Better Taste
★ Clearer Heads

★

BOTTLED ONLY AT THE SPRING SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

★

SARATOGA VICHY SPRING COMPANY
601 West 26th Street
LAckawanna 4-1889

A PRIZE FOR AUTHORS

$2,500.00

for the best book manuscript submitted by a writer born in the South or now living in the South

Either fiction or non-fiction. No restrictions on setting or subject. ALL writers eligible. For further details write Award Editor, Dept. C, E. P. DUTTON & CO., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Thomas Jefferson
SOUTHERN AWARD

1941 Winner: MR. GEORGE'S JOINT
by Elizabeth Lee Wheaton

★ Sun and Serenity ★

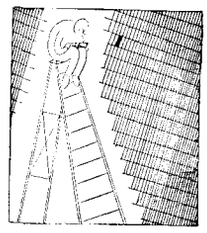
are guaranteed in Arizona, California, Florida and Nassau. Transportation by sea, land and air everywhere. Reservations for fine hotels, ranches and guest houses personally selected by

VACATION ADVISERS
9 East 46th St., New York, N. Y. Wickersham 2-2730
Naturally, no charge for service

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WIFE OF MARTIN GUERRE, by Janet Lewis. A tale of the sixteenth century in Languedoc, based upon old court records, and very Flaubertian in the elegance of its form and gravity of its style. The story has to do with a woman who, abandoned by her husband for some years, is for a time convinced by an impostor that he is her returned spouse.



THE REAL LIFE OF SEBASTIAN KNIGHT, by Vladimir Nabokov. Oddish short novel about the search for the real facts of the life and death of an eccentric writing genius. Highly individual stuff, with a surrealist tinge, but a trifle tenuous.

GENERAL

VISCOUNT HALIFAX, by Alan Campbell Johnson. Biography of the British Ambassador to the United States, in his several characters as High Churchman, M.P., field officer in the first World War, reform Viceroy of India, onetime appeasement advocate, and Foreign Secretary. Neither critical nor unduly laudatory, but sober, astute, and capably written. Much detailed political background, some of which may be opaque to American readers. Illustrated.

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST, by Melville J. Herskovits. The myth of the Negro past is that he is "a man without a past," says this anthropologist, and goes on to demonstrate, by a comparison of such cultural patterns as family organization, language, religion, and the dance, that many of the relatively sophisticated African folkways have survived—often in disguised form, of course—in the American Negro. An impressive survey, though not too easy reading.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO ROAD, by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Robert Capa. The intimate lives of ordinary people in the bombed Lambeth district of London—the vicar, the Gibbs family, a charwoman, a Home Guard lieutenant, and so on—set forth in expressive text by Miss Forbes-Robertson and 110 fine genre photographs by Mr. Capa.

FIFTY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE, by Daniel C. Roper, in collaboration with Frank H. Lovette. Autobiography of the former Secretary of Commerce, a capable and progressive public official who served under half a dozen Presidents. Lots of anecdotes about political and other figures, together with some nostalgic chapters on the post-Civil War South Carolina of the author's boyhood. Prosy, if you like, but not without warmth and humor.

CONFLICT, by George Fort Milton. Concise popular history of the Civil War from Fort Sumter to Appomattox, predominantly a critical military outline but well balanced in its other phases, too. A not unrespectable job, despite some stretches of rather weird writing. Maps.

THE WISDOM OF THE HEART, by Henry Miller. A new collection of diatribes, sketches, and stories by a coterie writer whose originality and energy are often obscured by a rush of words and a forcing of the mystic-Dionysiac note. The best things are two essays on the Swedenborgian aspect of Balzac and a discussion of the French motion-picture actor Raimu, which says almost everything there is to be said about what is wrong with the art of American films.

POETIC DRAMA, edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Useful and reasonably comprehensive anthology of plays in verse, from the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus to "Shenandoah," by Delmore Schwartz. Excellent introduction and study helps. The complete texts of thirty-three plays are given.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the English Lunacy Act of 1880*]

If, in the case of a lunatic being in a workhouse, the medical officer thereof does not sign such certificate as in sub-section 1, of this section mentioned, or if at or before the expiration of fourteen days from the date of the certificate an order is not made under the hand of a Justice for the detention of the lunatic in the workhouse, or if after such an order has been made the lunatic ceases to be a proper person to be detained in a workhouse, the medical officer of the workhouse shall forthwith give notice in writing to a relieving officer of the Union to which the workhouse belongs that a pauper in the workhouse is a lunatic and a proper person to be sent to an asylum, and thereupon the like proceedings shall be taken by the relieving officer and all other persons for the purpose of removing the lunatic to an asylum, and within the same time, as by this Act provided in the case of a pauper deemed to be a lunatic and a proper person to be sent to an asylum, and pending such proceedings, the lunatic may be detained in the workhouse.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLOR

Courtesy American Viscose Corporation through J. M. Mathes, Inc. Awarded Art Directors Club of New York Medal.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY (studio on premises) PROCESS PLATES

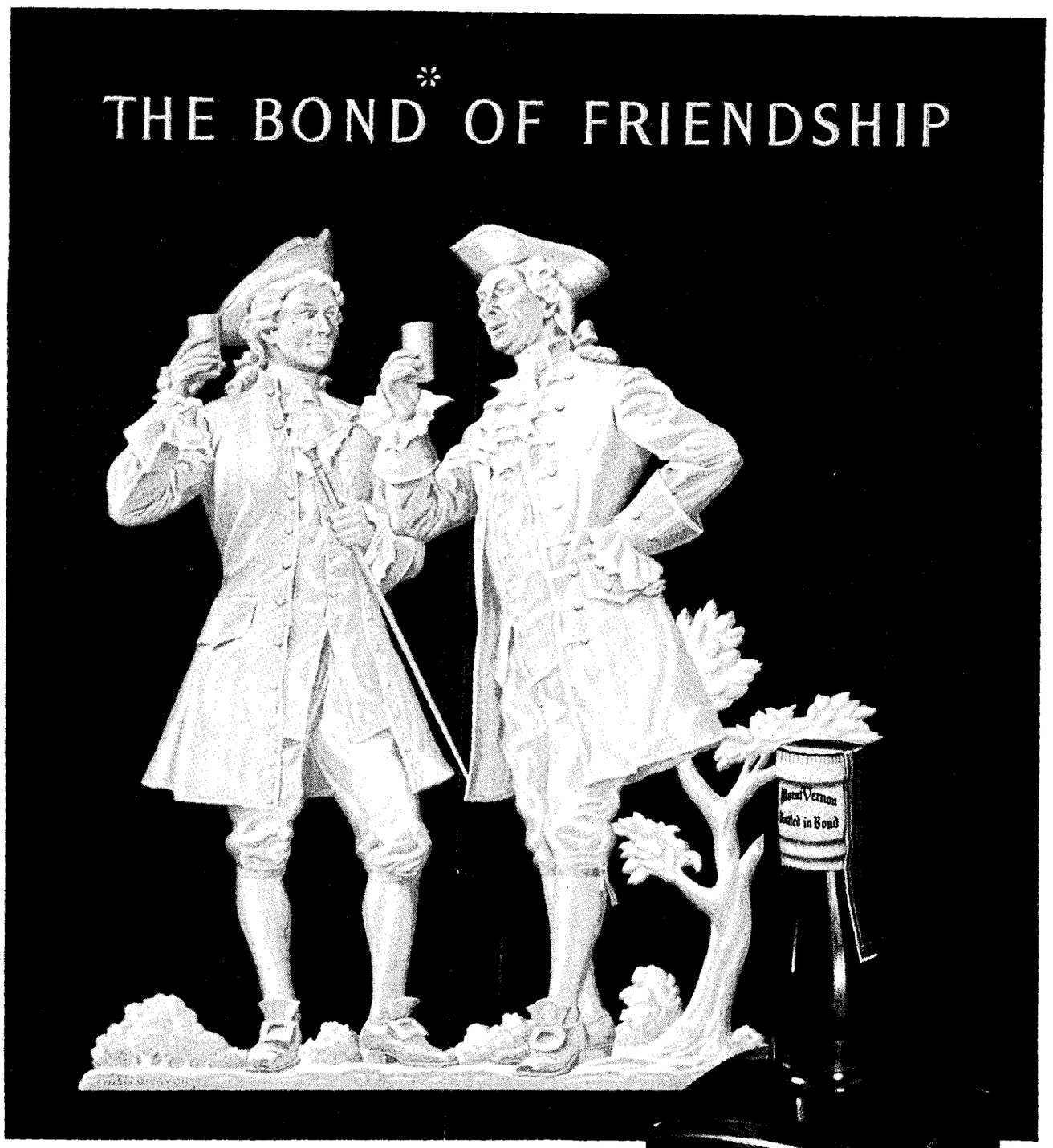
ZINC ETCHINGS HALFTONES

by Powers

205 WEST 39TH STREET · NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOND* OF FRIENDSHIP



YOUR GUESTS know they're truly welcome when Mount Vernon rye is served. For Mount Vernon is rich in tradition and delicate in flavor—"the patrician of American ryes."

100
PROOF

Mount Vernon
BRAND
Bottled in BOND *Straight Rye Whiskey*

Copyright 1941, National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED